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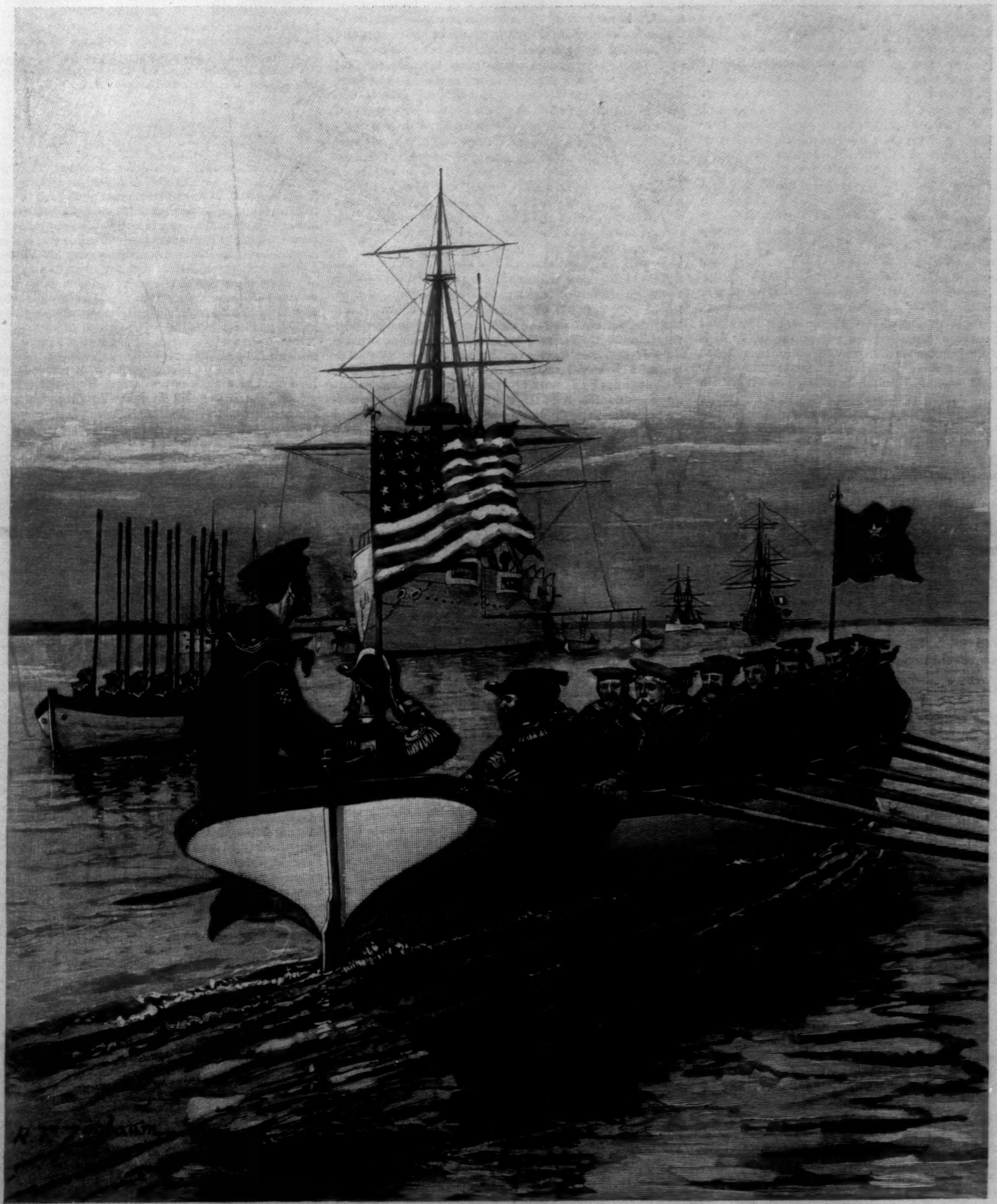

SALUTING THE ADMIRAL'S BARGE.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 370.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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OUR NEW NAVY.

THAT the United States should have a serviceable fleet of ships of war is generally admitted. That these ships in point of construction, equipment, and efficiency should satisfy modern requirements, and be, in their way, a credit to their country, may also be looked upon as a matter of course. The only question is for what purposes we need a navy, and of what strength and quality it should therefore be.

We are frequently told that we need a navy for the protection of our maritime commerce, and that consequently we should have enough ships of war to afford prompt succor to our merchant marine in all quarters of the globe, or at least to be about everywhere in sufficient force to command respect. This is a delusion. Who is there that threatens our maritime commerce? There are no longer any Barbary States, or any other kind of pirates or buccaneers, to waylay and rob our ships. The only thing that threatens our commerce at present is the legitimate business competition of other nations. And against this the strongest fleet, armed with the heaviest guns, is of no avail. No other serious interference with our maritime trade is to be feared, hardly even in the case of a war between foreign powers, during which this republic would occupy the position of a neutral, for the simple reason that no foreign power will run the risk of provoking a war with the United States by such an act of interference, whether we have a strong navy or not. They will not run such a risk because every one of them is watched by jealous rivals, or even bitter enemies, at home, while we are substantially unassailable in our continental stronghold, and have comparatively inexhaustible resources to draw upon. In fact, during the last seventy-five years there has not been a single instance in time of peace in which a navy was needed for the protection of our maritime commerce. And during a large part of this period the United States had no navy that counted for anything compared with the navies of other nations. The respect, we might say the awe, this republic inspires among the powers of the world never has depended and never will depend upon the armament it has actually at command, but it is owing to the general knowledge of the impregnable strength of our position at home, and of the immense resources we can make available in case of emergency.

A strong navy not being needed for our protection in time of peace, is it advisable to build one with a view to the probability of war? Owing to the facts here mentioned, foreign powers are likely in the future, as in the past, to go to the utmost limit of honorable concession in order to avoid a quarrel with the United States. War is therefore not among the probabilities, unless it be of our own seeking. Let us admit, however, that the apparently impossible may happen. Would it be wise to hold ourselves in a state of great preparation looking to so remote a chance? Should we do what the much-to-be-pitied European nations do, which drain their vitality to keep numberless battalions on foot and great arrays of ships afloat? With regard to the navy, this question has peculiar significance. The modern man-of-war, with its ponderous armor and its heavy ordnance, is still in the stage of progressive experiment. No sooner is a costly battle-ship finished according to plans which but yesterday appeared superior to anything yet conceived of, than it is put in the shade by some new contrivance that seems to make the paragon of yesterday comparatively useless. The invention of an armor so thick and hard that no existing missile will penetrate it is quickly succeeded by the invention of a gun that will send a steel bolt through it with ease. All manner of protection is devised for the floating monsters against torpedoes, when some devilish under-water apparatus is set going that baffles all. Thus the whole matter of naval structure is in a process of evolution and change so rapid that for hundreds of millions spent on the building of new ships but a few years ago in various countries nothing can be shown to-day but long lists of vessels which have become superannuated after an incredibly short life, and without having rendered the slightest service. There is no admiral living to-day who can tell with any degree of certainty how these tremendous battle-ships will behave in actual combat. The next naval war will be full of the most startling surprises, not unlikely to upset many of the present theories of naval architecture; and a nation not pressed by immediate danger will certainly do well to wait for those developments before sinking mines of money in the construction of a battle fleet.

There are two kinds of vessels which will probably preserve their usefulness, whatever changes may take place in other directions. One is the very swift cruiser capable of preying upon the enemy's commerce, and of quickly attacking an armed adversary when an advantage offers, and of nimbly running away when overmatched. And the other is the floating battery, in various forms and under various names, which remains near the shore, and is used only for the immediate protection of coasts and harbors. When we have a moderate number of ships of these two classes, and a good supply of torpedo-boats and other contrivances for coast defence, we shall be sufficiently provided for all emergencies likely to arise, and may with equanimity watch other nations making experiments with great battle-ships at their own expense.

Nor is the financial side of the matter the only one to be considered. It is in other respects by no means desirable that we should have a large naval armament. If we had it, there would be a constant temptation for using it, and thus it would be apt to become, instead of a protection of peace between this country and foreign powers, a dangerous menace to that peace. Many a young man who would otherwise have remained a peaceable law-abiding citizen has been seduced to manslaughter by the possession of a revolver. Many a nation has rushed into bloody wars about questions which might easily have been composed by amicable diplomacy, because it possessed an armament ready for a fight. It is a notorious fact that whenever we hear of a "war party" in any country, that party is to be found among the officers of the army and of the fleet, who long for opportunities to distinguish themselves and to earn quick promotion. We are now going through a similar experience. The building of our new ships of war has inflamed the imagination of many of our navy officers with the dream of making this republic a first-class naval power, equal or superior to any rival. That they do not consider the cost is not surprising. But this is not all. There is no scheme ever so adventurous, of annexation, or of the acquisition of "outposts" and naval stations in any part of the world, that does not find among naval officers its most ardent advocates. Some of these gentlemen lose no opportunity to tell the American people, in interviews and newspaper and magazine articles, that the wise and time-honored teachings of WASHINGTON are mere old-fogyism, and that it is time for this republic to strike out for something like world dominion. And the more ships we have, the more we are likely to hear of this sort of talk, and, what is more, the more our navy officers will feel an itching for doing "brilliant things" on their own motion.

We have repeatedly pointed out how strong the position of this republic is on account of the impregnability of its continental situation and the immensity of its resources. It can exercise a moral influence among the nations of the world superior to that of any other. This influence will be most potential and most salutary if this republic exercises it not as a war power but as a peace power. The United States will degrade themselves if they ever yield to any temptation to act the bully. We are so situated that no just demand of ours will ever be denied by anybody, although we have no fleet to support it. We shall lose rather than gain in dignity as well as influence if our navy officers, inflated with the new sensation of having a big armament behind them, were to go swaggering around the globe with chips on their shoulders. The Secretary of the Navy can do no better service to the country, while adding some new vessels to our naval force, than to cause those who are to command them to be imbued with that modest dignity which is the true sign of conscious strength, and to have them carefully instructed in the principles of international law and comity, and in the teachings of WASHINGTON'S Farewell Address.

THE RUSSIAN TREATY.

THERE is a mystery about the Russian extradition treaty which the administration and the Senate do not seem inclined to clear up. It has been ratified by the Senate, and steps have been taken looking to the formal exchange between the two contracting powers.

The treaty, the first of the kind that was ever negotiated between the two countries, has had an extraordinary history. It was suggested by the Russian government a number of years ago. All efforts to secure such a convention failed, notwithstanding the importunities of the Czar's representative to the United States, because of the unwillingness of our own government to concede that Russia could insist upon her views of citizenship, and demand the right to consider her people as subjects of the Czar even after they had been naturalized in this country.

Mr. BAYARD and Minister STRUVE, however, finally negotiated a treaty in 1887, and it is this treaty, with some modifications, which has been ratified after it has been pending in the Senate for six years. The treaty is the most complete of its kind that the United States has ever made with any European power except Belgium. It contains clauses and privileges which we have refused to enter into with Great Britain and Germany. It provides that political offenders shall not be extraditable, but excepts from political offences assaults upon the Czar and the imperial family. It provides that forgery shall be an extraditable crime, although forgery of passports is the necessary recourse of all political offenders who undertake to escape from Russia.

On its face the treaty is perfectly proper. It cannot be denied that the murderer of a crowned head ought not to be able to plead patriotism in his own defence. But this treaty is made between a country whose constitution and laws guarantee a fair trial to every person accused of crime, and a power whose judicial proceedings are in the hands of an absolute ruler. It is the practice of the courts and executives the world over in extradition cases to surrender fugitives if the papers of requisition are regular. An American fugitive thus surrendered is tried for the offence charged under well-defined laws enacted by the Legislature, fixing a penalty. He is tried by a jury, faced by his accuser, defended by counsel, and confronts and cross-examines the witnesses against him. In Russia the trial may take place in the private chamber of a police magistrate, and the punishment may be fixed for the special case by edict, and executed secretly. In a word, forgery, embezzlement, counterfeiting, or any other extraditable offence may be punished by the terrible penalties visited upon Russian political prisoners. Russia, under this treaty, can make the United States its high sheriff for the apprehension of political offenders. No treaty involving personal liberty ought to be entered into between a republic and a despotism.

AN INTERESTING CASE OF EXPATRIATION.

THE purchase by our late fellow-citizen Mr. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his reported purpose to publish that and two other periodicals in London, have been interpreted, in connection with other of his reported movements, to indicate his intention of making London his future home. This apparent purpose on his part has excited much interest and some discussion among his fellow-countrymen. It has been hinted that Mr. ASTOR is not over-fond of having his movements discussed, and that he thinks it nobody's business but his own where he lives or why. If that is so, he underrates his own importance, as well as the legitimate interest which his plans are fit to inspire.

For, in view of the extent of Mr. ASTOR'S proprietary interests in this country, it is not an impertinence to speculate as to the causes which might lead him to prefer London to New York as a place of residence. He is not only a phenomenally rich man, but he is intelligent, and of a serious mind. He is not a boy, to go and live in London on grounds of mere heedless pleasure-seeking. His pecuniary interests in New York are enormous; his social interests are as great as those of any other American. He is known not only as a multi-millionaire, but as a scholar of demonstrated literary ability, and as an ambitious citizen who had creditable political aspirations, ran earnestly though unsuccessfully for Congress, and was American minister for a time to Italy.

Why should such a man expatriate himself? It has been said that he always preferred English life, but did not feel at liberty during his father's lifetime to act upon his preference. Again it has been suggested that a question of precedence in the ASTOR family was at the bottom of his departure. If he went for such reasons as these, his going is, in truth, a mere personal matter which only the gossips need discuss. But if, being the man he is, and having the opportunities that his fortune gives him, he determined that London offered greater rewards than New York did to such endeavors and such expenditures as he could make, that is decidedly an interesting conclusion, and one that is fit to be discussed.

It is pretty generally conceded that in this generation the opportunity of the very poor man lies in the United States. Are we to argue from Mr. ASTOR'S apparent migration that the opportunity of the very rich lingers in England? Let us consider. What are we to suppose that Mr. ASTOR wants? Not luxury, nor varied pleasures, nor ordinary social recognition, for he can get all these at home. More likely he wants distinction, and that of a personal kind. It is conceivable that, recognizing the pleasures of acquisition, and having all material things already in abundance, he should wish to be where he can acquire the highest obtainable degree of influence, respect, and power. If such were his desires, it is possible that in going to London he has made an advantageous move. What career was possible for him in this country? Could he have succeeded in political life? Probably not. His education had not fitted him to win votes. He tried to get into Congress, where he was well enough qualified to go, but had a disagreeable and costly canvass, with the result of merely winning fame for Mr. FLOWER. Could he have got into the Senate? Could he have been Mayor of New York? Everybody knows he could not. Money has bought political opportunity for many Americans, but it could not buy it for Mr. ASTOR. As a hereditary millionaire, three generations removed from trade, he was out of touch with the American voter. American politics had no place for him that was worth the seeking. He wrote a book, and it was a very fair book, but it brought him not so much literary fame as a reputation for eccentricity. Why should an American millionaire write novels, when he is so well able to hire his novels written? Then came a difficulty about family precedence, and the newspapers poked fun at both the parties to it, and at the whole idea of social precedence in a republic. So, altogether, it is conceivable that Mr. ASTOR got the impression that his countrymen had condemned him to a state of dry-rot, and that he was not getting as large a share of the fun as he was entitled to.

In England they take their millionaires more seriously

than we do, and are much readier to give them a chance and fit them out with a suitable rank and proper employment. If Mr. ASTOR had been born in London, as rich as he was born in New York, he might very possibly by this time have been a peer. At any rate, with his character and abilities, he would have been a member of Parliament, of definite social rank, knowing his place, and with an eye on the places higher up, with possession of the means of advancement, and accurate knowledge of the proper way to use them. Starting in London as a middle-aged American citizen, he can hardly hope to achieve so much, nor is it likely that he will swap his allegiance even to make himself available in English politics. But with two newspapers and a magazine, it is easily credible that he will be useful to some one in England, and proportionately influential and distinguished. Nor is it hard to imagine that he may find life more remunerative over there than he found it at home.

It isn't a serious matter with us. We can spare a man at a pinch, even a very rich one. Still, Mr. ASTOR'S case, with all the concomitant conjectures, does furnish food for thought, and encourages us to reflect whether we ought not to make more effort to make our very rich fellow-citizens more useful, and therefore more contented at home. Mr. ASTOR is not the only one who has transferred his chief expenditures across the water. The list is a pretty long one already, and seems much likelier to lengthen than to dwindle.

IT MUST BE RESTORED.

IN dear old Mr. Felix Oldboy's delightful *Tour Around New York* he mentions a certain former New York institution the restoration of which deserves the earnest consideration of all. We even make bold to rank the matter above rapid transit or the condition of petrified stagnation which exists in our Street-cleaning Department. For transit we have, if not very rapid; and when it rains heavily, the streets are, in a measure, cleaned. But this other thing we positively have not, not even in a modified form; nor does there exist an imitation of it. Indeed, there could be no modified form of it; an imitation is unthinkable. We do not exaggerate when we say that every man in New York is interested in seeing this institution restored. And since this is for the eyes of men alone, we will venture to say that the ladies, too, will welcome it. We cannot longer conceal the fact that we refer to that glorious old-time structure, that pride of other days, the bewitching Kissing Bridge.

Of course many of us have always known, in a vague way, about the Kissing Bridge, but Mr. Oldboy brings it to us anew. That it ought long ago to have been restored is beyond question. Mr. Oldboy himself would have approved of it—ay, the sly old fellow would have used it. Now that we have brought the matter still more prominently before the public, we shall look to see a general appearance of interest in its revival—especially among the gentler sex. We speak much more openly than we should were it not for the fact that we know, after what we said above, that no woman will read this.

Perhaps, for the benefit of those unfortunates (all of them men, we presume) who don't understand what the Kissing Bridge was, a few words about it may not be out of place. There have been, in fact, several Kissing Bridges—for our sagacious forefathers knew enough, when the city encroached upon so important a structure, to build another further up town. As to the exact purpose of the Kissing Bridge, if there be any absurd man who pretends he doesn't know, we can do no better than follow Mr. Oldboy's example, and quote from the Rev. Mr. BURNABY, who seems to have visited this neighborhood in 1759 to some purpose. "In the way," gravely and with apparent approval writes this good man, "there is a bridge, about three miles distant from New York, where you always pass over as you return, called the Kissing Bridge, where it is part of the etiquette to salute the lady who has put herself under your protection." Experienced traveller! When he was in Rome he did as the Romans did. But we do not understand this "where you always pass over as you return." Did you not also always pass over as you went out? We venture the guess that you did.

This Kissing Bridge which was on the Eastern Post-road at Fifty-fourth Street, and between Second and Third avenues, was at least the second one set up by the guileless old Knickerbockers. The first authentic Kissing Bridge, according to a contemporaneous Dutch historian of the seventeenth century, was where what is now Park Row crossed the little stream which ran along Pearl Street to the East River. Next we find it as far up as Fifty-fourth Street, as we have seen. This was in 1759. We next hear of it about 1809, when, as Mr. RANDEL tells us, a genuine and popular Kissing Bridge existed across a creek called the Sawkill, at Seventy-seventh Street and Third Avenue. Here we lose sight of the Kissing Bridge as a city institution. The Sawkill was filled up, and the degenerate men who infested the other end of this century allowed the Kissing Bridge to vanish from the face of the earth.

In restoring the Kissing Bridge you must first, as it were, catch your site. The Harlem River naturally suggests itself. It does not seem that any of the present bridges are available. Such a bridge as the Third Avenue one would not do at all, with one policeman shouting "Move on!" and another bellowing "Go slow!" The Washington Bridge is quiet enough, and is not blighted by policemen, but it seems rather too big and bald for the purpose. The old McComb's Dam bridge might perhaps have done on a pinch, but it is gone, and the new one will have too much iron about it; the trail of the civil engineer will rest too heavily on it. In fact, come to think of it, a drawbridge is out of the question. To drive up to a Kissing Bridge and find the draw open, and a canal-boat stuck in it waiting for high tide, is something which cannot even be thought of without emotion. On the whole, we fancy that the Harlem is not available. Some bubbling, laughing brook in the Annexed District must be sought out by the committee for the restoration of the Kissing Bridge. Here must be raised a rustic, bowery bridge, with no hint about it of vulgar iron or gross and treacherous draw. Vines must clamber over it, and roses, instead of policemen, must grow about its abutments; broad tree-arched driveways must lead up to it from either side; and if one bridge won't accommodate the rush, two or more must be provided. New York is a bigger place than it was a couple of centuries ago, and what was sufficient then is often utterly inadequate now.

THE WHISKERS QUESTION AGAIN.

THE Liberty Dawn Association of Free and Independent Hackmen, which is a branch of the Knights of Labor, has put itself on record and out of temper touching an order recently promulgated by certain hotel proprietors and the keepers of a few livery-stables. This order requires all men who expect to drive public "cabs," as Anglomaniacal employers call them, or "hacks," as the plain American drivers say, to shave their faces every day as a necessary preliminary to mounting the box. The hackmen are defiant—as, indeed, they generally are—and have passed a great many resolutions and expended a great many cubic feet of breath in denouncing their oppressors.

Among other things, they say that the health of many of them will be endangered by the compulsory shaving of beards, whether the hirsute ornament be known as "Burnsides," "Dundrearys," "side-lights," "chin-whisker," "half-moon," or "Galway twist," which have been worn as by hereditary right, in many cases, for a quarter of a century. Now herein do the hackmen make a mistake. There is no valid appeal to public sympathy on a question of physical health. There is nothing thrilling or impressive in the idea of a hackman with bronchitis. There is nothing touching or glorious in the idea of a hackman who never had bronchitis. Nobody cares about such things. There is no "patch of the purple" in consumption. Neither is there anything romantic in freedom from pulmonary disease. If hackmen are afraid of falling ill, let them seek other employment. But when the hackman declares that by the order to shave he is compelled, as the resolutions say, "to disfigure his countenance and distort his features" so that his wife will not let him into the house and his children are afraid of him, then the hackman plants his feet upon a high ground of vantage. The appeal to æsthetics is the only appeal which counts with the public.

The Waiters' Protective Union has struck hands with the Liberty Dawn Association, and together these devoted persons declare that they will fight the abhorrent order, as they say, "to the bitter end." It must be admitted as a matter of record that employés usually do carry such fights to the bitter, not to say hungry, end, while the employer usually keeps a good grip upon the other (and longer) end of the stick. Waiters and hackmen make few friends. Both the hotel waiter and the public hackman must stand, generally speaking, as individuals. They are devoted to the service of no one family; they have no traditions but their rate-book and their scale of extra prices. They must serve the ordinary casual, be he native or Western, man or woman, drunk or sober, statesman or dude. It is certainly wearing upon the disposition. It must be so. With a shaven face it is difficult to dissemble what is known as "that tired feeling," which must often come to waiters and hackmen. Who can blame them for longing for the friendly capillary cloak? They would fain go bearded like the pard—very probably like one of Mr. BRET HARTE'S "pards"—and no wonder.

THINGS TALKED OF

ON the first day of April, in accordance with an order given by Commissioner Blount, the American flag was lowered on the building occupied by the Provisional Government of Hawaii in Honolulu, and the United States marines and sailors returned to the war-ship *Boston*, whence they had been brought on the request of United States Minister Stevens. There is room for any amount of comment on this action of the American Commissioner by those who care to ignore the plain facts; for those who prefer to adhere to facts, the action, we should say, would seem unavoidable. The flag was hoisted on the government building in Honolulu as a sign of a "protectorate," which the United States Minister undertook on his own responsibility without authority from his government to establish. Now, a protectorate is at best a very indefinite thing, conferring powers and involving duties that depend entirely on the interpretation of the protecting government. Its establishment in Hawaii, or anywhere else, if made at all, should be by the government of the United States, and not by a minister with no authority or instructions in the premises. Mr. Harrison ought to have put an end to the one set up by Mr. Stevens so soon as he heard of it. Mr. Cleveland would have been justified in doing so immediately. He preferred to send a trustworthy agent to inquire into the situation, with power to act, and the agent has acted. That is all there is to it. So far from any discredit attaching to this act, it was highly honorable. Add to this statement of the case the fact that it is obviously absurd to consider the proposition for the annexation of Hawaii from a government that is maintained by the armed force of the United States and sheltered under its flag, and the situation becomes still more clear. Mr. Cleveland's government has simply pricked the bubble of jingoism which had been so elaborately inflated in the last days of the Harrison administration.

One evening last week two of our most gifted and highly trained artists, Mr. Blashfield and Mr. Low, addressed a leading club of New York in behalf of the new enterprise, the "Municipal Arts Society." The purpose of the society is a novel and interesting one. It is to form an annual fund for providing some work of art that shall add to the attractions of the city of New York as a place to live in or to visit. The form this annual contribution may take may be any one of many. It may be the decoration of a public room in the city buildings in a manner representing the art of the time, or the carving of some portion of a façade, or a window, such as New York artists can now produce as superbly as those of any city in the world, or a statue, or a fountain, or the laying out in accordance with the best principles of landscape art of some park, or part of a park. If the direction of the work of the society shall fall, as doubtless it will, into the hands of able and judicious men, it may do much for the city and the dwellers therein for generations, its chief advantage being the permanent provision of a considerable annual expenditure under intelligent control.

The Scripture counsels us, when we go out into society, to take a low place, and conduct ourselves humbly until some one who can appreciate our merit comes along and gives us a lift. It is possible that the admirers of Mr. Conkling had this admonition in mind when they proposed to put his statue as low down in New York as Union Square. But what is good advice for men doesn't always apply to statues. If Mr. Conkling's effigy were allowed to make a third with those of Washington and Lincoln, it would not be gratifying, but the reverse, to have men say that it was out of place and ought to go up higher—to Madison Square, anyhow, and probably to the Park. It is not just to Mr. Conkling to contrast him with the two greatest Americans of the first century of the republic.

The question of "cuts" in the columns of the daily newspapers, if not exactly a burning one, excites more animated comment than many of more importance. It has been settled in favor of their use now by every considerable morning paper in New York, and the report reaches us that an "art plant" has been arranged for the most conservative journal in that most conservative city Philadelphia. In the calmer atmosphere of weekly journalism the problem has long since been solved by the adoption of the apparently simple principle that "illustrations" should illustrate. There is no more reason why the reader should not receive accurate information or pleasing or satisfying impressions through the fruits of the engraver's art than there is why he should not be given, in legible type, the printed matter that is suited to his needs and tastes. That the business of printing pictures, whether once, or seven times, or thirty times a month, may be conducted in a manner to make the judicious grieve, or even swear, is something of which the general reader does not need to be informed. He cannot pass an elevated railroad station without having it forced on his weary and wounded mind. But no general business practice is to be judged by its abuses alone, or condemned on account of them. The one thing that the last half-century of publishing, in this and in other countries, has established very clearly is that good pictorial work justifies itself wherever it can be achieved, and with this solid fact to go upon, the timid, or over-sensitive, or desperate critic of bad pictorial work may wait with patience for its disappearance.

"La Famille française" is not, as might be supposed, the name of one of M. Zola's peculiar novels, nor, on the other hand, is it the subject of a prize essay. It is an insurance company, the ingenious invention of some excellent gentlemen who wish to augment the notoriously low rate of increase of the population of France, and to add modestly to their own incomes. They propose, in return for a proportionate payment, either at one time or in annual premiums, to secure for any female child insured in their company either a fixed sum, not over $400, when she shall become a mother; or a dowry of not over $2500 when she shall marry; or an annual sum for education. Naturally the statistics for calculating these "risks" are not the most complete, but they are believed by the founders of the company to be adequate for safe operations. One feature of this novel insurance company is that the greater the business it does, and the more it realizes the benevolent purpose of its founders, the more sure it is to have to pay the sums it promises, because the more marriages and mothers will arrive. But this contingency is very remote, and may safely be disregarded during this generation. Probably it is in France only that an institution of this sort could prosper at all. It is agreed that in other countries, and notably in England, the birth rate is highest among those least able to support a family. The only class particularly economical of offspring is that of the very rich, whose self-indulgence takes a different direction. In France, however, the equal division of property after death is believed to exert a distinct restraint on the growth of population. If this be so, "La Famille française" will contribute only a slight counteracting influence.

Twice within the last three years the Lower House of the Legislature of New York has passed a bill abolishing the death penalty for murder, only to have it promptly killed in the Senate. In both cases the action of the Assembly has been hasty and ill-considered, and in the last the bill was almost avowedly rushed through in order to prevent the execution of Harris, condemned for the murder of his wife. Now whatever arguments there may be for abolishing capital punishment, it is plain that no such legislation should be enacted without the utmost deliberation, or without the substitution of a carefully devised system of punishment for crimes now capital. Above all, no such change in the penal code of a great State should be made to defeat the operation of the existing laws in the case of a particular offender. The force and authority of criminal law in deterring crime, which is its main purpose, lie in the regularity and certainty of its action. It is the general feeling that the law will punish a crime if it be discovered that hinders men from committing crime, and to the degree that that feeling is weakened crime is promoted. Nothing could weaken it so much as for the Legislature to use its power to save any one criminal on whom, after all the forms of law have been observed, judgment has been pronounced. Every vote given in the Legislature with any reference to Harris's fate was a vote to encourage wife-poisoning. It makes no difference whether Harris be really guilty or innocent. His innocence in any man's mind is purely an assumption, with no reasonable ground. By the only tests known to modern civilization, by a fair jury trial with skilful defence, by condemnation after appeal to the highest tribunal of the State, he is guilty. To vote for the abolition of the death penalty on the theory of his innocence is to vote that the whole system of jurisprudence of New York is worthless. Once let that impression get abroad, and murder is made easy and attractive.

THE HON. JAMES S. EWING.
United States Minister to Belgium.—[See Page 370.]

THE HON. LAWRENCE MAXWELL, JUN.
Solicitor-General of the United States.—[See Page 370.]

THE HON. DANIEL N. MORGAN.
Treasurer of the United States.—[See Page 370.]

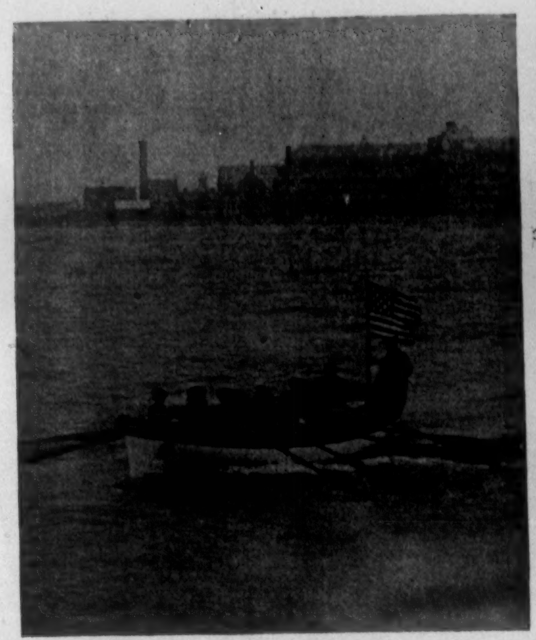
MEMBERS OF THE TAVERN CLUB AS ITALIAN MERCENARIES OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

THE BOSTON RENAISSANCE FESTIVAL.—DRAWN BY FRANK O. SMALL.—[SEE PAGE 383.]

THE HON. HANNIS TAYLOR.
United States Minister to Spain.—[See Page 370.]

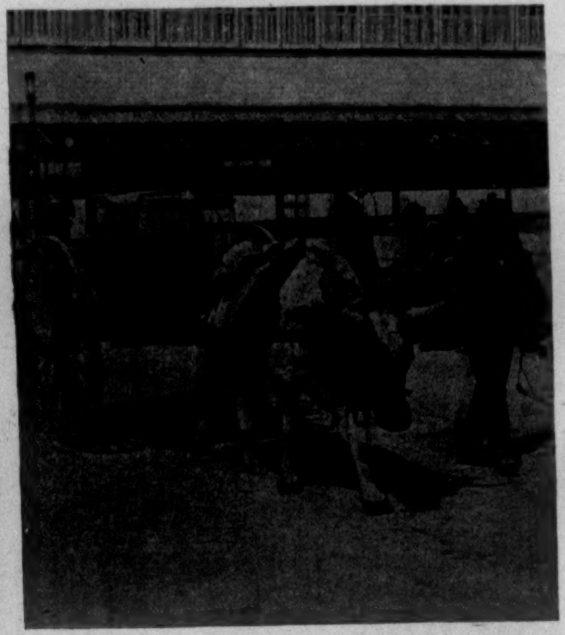
THE HON. CONRAD N. JORDAN.
Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York.—[See Page 370.]

THE HON. WILLIAM LOCHREN.
Commissioner of Pensions.—[See Page 370.]



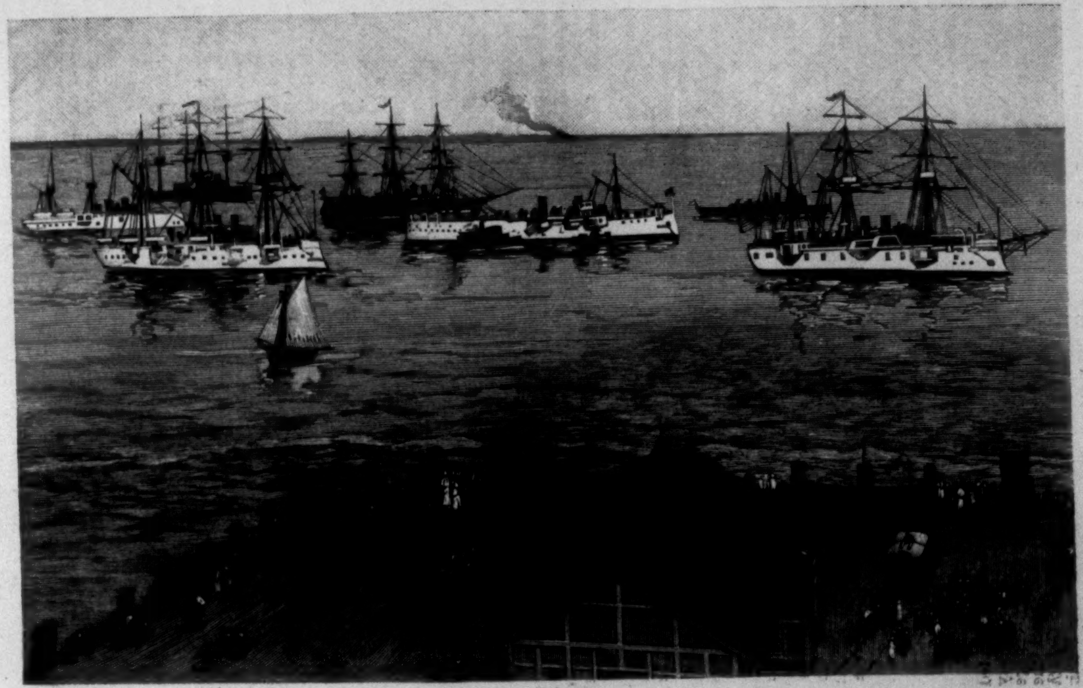
GETTING IN STORES.

FROM THE DECK OF THE "CHICAGO."



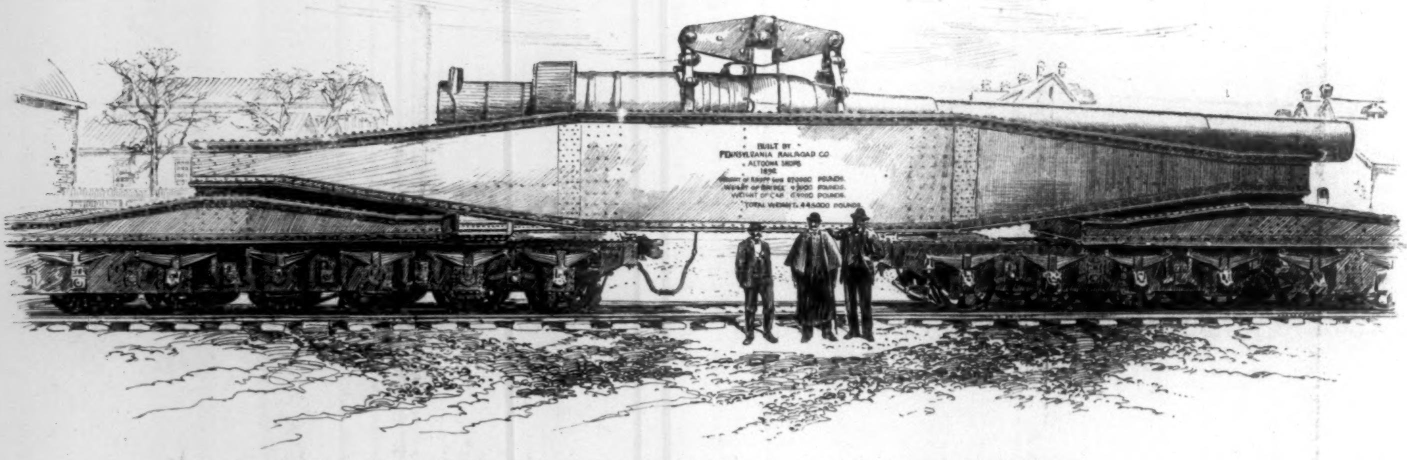
AUNT CHARLOTTE'S HUSBAND AND HIS MARKET WAGON—BRINGING IN SUPPLIES.

THE RENDEZVOUS AS SEEN FROM THE HYGEIA HOTEL.



A NEARER VIEW OF THE RENDEZVOUS.

THE COMING NAVAL REVIEW—WITH THE RECEIVING FLEET AT HAMPTON ROADS.—From Photographs by Hart.—[See Page 370.]



THE GREAT KRUPP GUN FOR THE CHICAGO FAIR.—From a Photograph by Bendaun, Baltimore.
47 feet long, 16½-inch bore, 6 feet 6 inches in diameter at the thickest part. Weight 270,000 pounds.

THE KRUPP GUN.

To handle the largest gun ever seen on this continent is no small matter. The steamship *Longueil* brought the great Krupp gun which weighs 270,000 pounds from Hamburg to Baltimore a little while ago, and then the engineering problem of taking this gun from the ship and putting it on the cars for transportation to Chicago had to be solved. Of course arrangements to do this had been made long ago. A bridge had been built by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company so that the weight could be distributed over a distance, and rest upon more than the usual number of wheels of a single car. The picture in this paper will show how the gun looked after it had been taken from the ship and was ready for the railway journey to Chicago. The task of unloading the gun from the ship and putting it on the cars was regarded as so difficult that a number of officers representing the army and navy went from Washington to Baltimore to see the task performed. The contract to do this had been taken by the Maryland Steel Company, and the work was done on the 7th of this month, the time occupied in the job after the hoisting began being only thirty-three minutes. This gun was built seven years ago, and has been fired about fifty times. Such guns are not fired for the mere fun of the thing. The amusement would be too expensive, as this gun requires a charge of powder that would cost a large sum of money. The gun is 47 feet long, 16½-inch bore, and takes a conical shell weighing 2200 pounds. The gun is 6 feet 6 inches in diameter at the thickest part, and can be moved on its carriage by hydraulic or electric power. The bridge shown in the picture weighs 47,000 pounds, and each of the two cars 64,000 pounds. This makes a total weight of 445,000 pounds. Mr. Gildehausen, the Krupp representative, was extremely relieved when the immense gun was safe on land. He will probably feel very much better, even, when the gun is safely in place at Jackson Park. He joined with the army and navy officers in congratulating the engineer who so successfully performed the transfer.

The trucks on which the gun has been taken to Chicago are similar to those used in the journey from Essen, where the Krupp works are, to Hamburg. It was feared by some railway men that it would be difficult to get the gun through railway tunnels, and specially so if any one of these tunnels had curves in it. But the Pennsylvania Company knew its own route so well that these difficulties did not deter it from taking the contract to deliver the large gun safely on the grounds of the World's Fair. When the gun is in place at the fair visitors will be able to form some idea of the vast preparations that the larger countries in Europe feel required to make for offensive and defensive warfare. No ship afloat could well afford to get within range of a monster gun like this, and a harbor defended by several of them placed in commanding situations would be impregnable to attacks by sea.

AWAITING THE FOREIGN SHIPS OF WAR AT HAMPTON ROADS.

Even to the initiated it must seem there are many worse places than Old Point Comfort at this particular period of this special year. Of course this may be condemned as a mild way of putting a fact which might be stated with more enthusiasm, and may serve to recall the clever woman who once said that "optimists asserted most things were good, while pessimists acknowledged that some were not bad." Still, in order to prove that no perfervid patriotism is running riotous with judgment, it may be best to go slowly with adjectives, especially to capture the attention of those flitting Northerners who usually desert their happy Southern hunting-grounds when Lent is over, and who are hard to convince that anything is worth lingering for when once Easter has come and gone. So it will be well to commence with a mental reservation, and then to add that were it not for the push and hurry and crowd, these shores about the Virginia waters have been rarely more attractive. Many things conspire to this end, and, indeed, when one looks about him, ashore and afloat, he must consider that his lines at Old Point are cast in pleasant places. A fine Americanism has been inspired by the gathering of the fleet, a definite acquaintance is being made with the progress of the country in naval affairs, and as both services are for the time being tangent to ideas hitherto more or less remote, the effect upon the civilians is that of a happy awakening to the possibilities of the nation. The most potent factor, next to the occasion itself, is the influence of the women, who have made a special holiday of the season. Their number is legion, and they are such delightful, pretty women that it will be a reflection upon the traditional appreciation of sailors if the officers of the combined fleets sail without agreeing that never before was there such a gathering.

There was a serene wisdom, therefore, in the selection of Hampton Roads as the place of rendezvous for the international squadrons which are to honor the opening of the Columbian Fair. Perhaps it would have been better had circumstances permitted a later date to have been appointed; the chances of good weather would have been surer, and, more important than all, the splendid Russian fleet would have found open water in the Baltic, and have been enabled to send such a representation as might have spurred the other nations into increasing the strength and quality of their squadrons. Not that the nations have not done well, but it will always be a regret that in such an array no battle-ship will be mustered. Nearly all the vessels in line, save for a few exceptional types, contributed mainly by ourselves, belong to the cruiser class. True, there is such a diversity among these that the display will be far from monotonous even to technical criticism, for in the foreign column will be found representatives of the armored cruisers, which so nearly equal battle-ships, of the protected and partially protected cruisers, and of those other constructions—less in strength, but no less efficient for the work expected of them—which form a part of every modern fleet. Still, battle-ships are the highest developments of a nation's power, and typify so much more clearly than any other a country's maritime grade, that in their absence the review will fall a little short of what was hoped for it.

For more than a century Hampton Roads has been a favorite rendezvous for the fleets, home and foreign, friendly and hostile, detailed for duty upon our Atlantic seaboard. This choice was governed by the strategic value of the situation, and so much has flowed logically from this condition that the waters have a sentimental, a historic, interest for all Americans. During our late war its early possession was worth a dozen fortified towns to the government, and between the shallows fringing the limits of the roadstead, from the Middle Ground of Newport News, by Hampton Bar and Thimble Shoal, and so seaward clear of the Horseshoe and its Tail, some of the most famous expeditions have been gathered and despatched. In one season sixty odd vessels of war and dozens of transports have swung together expectantly in its anchorages, or when, as during the week that is past, the wind blew out of the nor'east, and a strident leeward ebb was making, have tugged and strained viciously at moorings that would bother the best of sailors even in such holding-grounds as these. In the past the waters have suffered from the battledoor and shuttlecock of international politics. In two wars, England, yielding her grip upon the colonies by nail and joint and knuckle only, harried the Roads bitterly; and all the tide-waters about it, from Lynhaven to Norfolk, from Old Point to the Nansemond, and to the upper channels of the James, from York Spit to Washington, and from the Virginia capes to Baltimore, have smarted from the dashing forays of her sailors and marines. In the war of independence England held it almost without dispute. In 1813 an English fleet, composed of seven sail of the line, seven frigates, and eleven sloops and gun-vessels, took the Roads, seized Hampton, and raided wherever tides and people permitted. In the end, though, they had enough of it, for they were so worried and fretted by what they called "picaroons and bargemen" that they made an unsuccessful assault upon Craney Island, and then tripped killicks for harbors further seaward. In Revolutionary days two French fleets rendezvoused here, one doing but little in our behalf, and the other so much that its memories should own perpetual remembrance. In August, 1861, Commodore Stringham sailed from here for the attack on Hatteras Inlet with a squadron which included such well-known vessels as the *Minnesota, Pawnee, Monticello, Harriet Lane, Susquehanna, Wabash, and Cumberland—Cumberland* the immortal. Later, Commodore Dupont left the Roads with eighteen ships of war and thirty-three transports, carrying 15,000 men for his fight at Hilton Head and subsequent occupation of the extreme southeastern coast and rivers. In January, 1862, Flag-officer Goldsborough took out of the estuary eighteen light-draught steamers and many transports, which seized and held the inlets and sounds of North Carolina. Here, in March of that year, the *Monitor* drove back the *Merrimac*, and reconstructed the war naval architecture of the world; and from here, in 1864, there steamed for Fort Fisher the largest fleet ever shepherded by an American admiral. Not even New York Bay nor the matchless Long Island Sound has known such war fleets. And yet of all gathered here none ever equalled in strength, in gun energy, in battle efficiency, the forty vessels which are now assembling to commemorate the genius of Columbus.

To this fleet our contribution is a notable one. Indeed, I know of few finer marine spectacles than that, unfolding new delights each day for the past fortnight to the lucky ones who have watched the Roads from the sea-front of the fortress, or from the esplanade of the Hygeia Hotel and from the wharves about it. From below old Point Comfort Light westward, well into the bight about Hampton Bar, stretches the receiving fleet. This includes eighteen vessels, and these are disposed along the four-fathom curve on the northern side of the channelway, fairly well inshore, and are extended east and west from the *Philadelphia* as a point of departure. The flag-ship is anchored off the government wharf, and to the southward and on the other side of the channelway lie the black-hulled and yellow-funnelled Russians, that were the first to arrive. Furthest seaward is the *Atlanta*, next come the *San Francisco, Baltimore, Bennington*, and *Bancroft*, and then the *Newark*, flying the red flag of Rear-Admiral Benham, second in rank, and commanding the first squadron. Westward of the *Philadelphia* is the *Chicago*, flag-ship of Acting Rear-Admiral Walker, and then succeed the *Yorktown, Charleston, Vesuvius, Concord*, and *Miantonomoh*. The torpedo-boat *Cushing*, lying closer to the beach, and as jaunty and trim as a seaman apprentice on his first leave home, is painted an olive green, which is said to be an ideal color for war purposes, but which more surely strikes a discordant note in the color-scheme of the fleet. Off shore, in the prolongation of the line already taken by such foreigners as have arrived, the visitors will anchor, but when under way each nation will be assigned a position from van to rear in accordance with the rank of its senior officer, priority of arrival determining precedence when the rank is equal.

Nothing can well surpass the appearance our line presents. Point-device in trim and equipment, the ships ride at single anchor easily and with a stately grace. Silhouetted against the sky you may trace their spars and rigging, and when the water is smooth the day sends back to you their reflection, floating ship and shadow double on the side; with some the hulls seem lifted airily and mightily like forts in cloud-land, and as they take the sunlight on their sides, and deepen their lines with softened shadows, the effect comes to you as a gleaming mass of silvery white and warming yellow, of burnished brass and glistening steel.

The graceful sheers and curves are accentuated by the gear stretching tense as harp strings to the tapering mast-heads from rails and channels, by the poise of yards and rake of masts on such as have them—and these surely are the most picturesque—and by the protruding muzzles of guns that run the gamut of calibres now in service use. Little wisps of smoke flutter skyward from the funnels, and jets of steam fret and whiten and fade above the water-line. Great ensigns float from the peak when the weather is fair; the blue, red, and white flags of the three admirals soar high, and blow out their folds until the double stars are half revealed, half hidden; and from the mainmast-heads or signal-spars of the other vessels the coach-whip pennants of government commission coil and uncoil their long lengths sinuously. There is a sense of pleasure, of joy, on the air—a holiday feeling which mates illy with the routine work and special drills that go on unceasingly. For drills are plenty, and work is steady, and twice since its arrival the fleet has been sent to sea for exercise in the manœuvres most likely to be demanded. Still, to the on-looker who sees only the surface of things, and is apt to measure the demands upon all by the leisure of the few, it appears to be easy and jocund enough. Boats laden with visitors ply between the shore and ships, and no weather is foul enough to dampen the enthusiasm of the American girl and her chaperon—for does not the order go that way?—and no perilous leaps from bobbing small boats to slippery gratings, from pile-driving cutters to groaning floats, can subdue the ardor of ship-visiting. And why should they hesitate? For they are certain of a cordial greeting; the more often they go, the better their welcome, for such are the fashions of sailors.

Occasionally a ball of bunting puffs itself into a pennant under an admiral's flag, showing that he is afloat, and then come the hurry and scurry on other ships to give him as he passes or boards them the honors of his rank. Boats meeting his toss their oars on end, and officers in them bring their hands to the cap smartly in the salute provided. As a ship is passed the marines parade, bugle at their head, carry their rifles to a quick present, and the trumpeter blows vigorously, if not melodiously, the flourishes demanded. Other boats headed the same way yield the *pas*, saluting the flag as it sweeps by them. And so it goes, ship after ship, boat after boat, until what with the banging of guns, the blaring of horns, and all the rest of it, it would seem as if a flag-officer could be nowhere so comfortable as in the well-trodden bear-walk of his own quarter-deck.

All this will be multiplied when the visitors arrive, but fortunately these things are ordered by a formula, are hedged in by occult rites, which descend from Benbow or Jean Bart, or, for all I know, from the Grand Admiral of the Indies himself—and naval customs work in grooves that rarely rust. As the work increases for our ships, so will grow the pleasures for the shore, for there are to be boat-races, dinners, a ball, it is hinted—though this is doubtful—and, in general, such a spell of mild festivities as will, let us hope, make the foreigners glad they have come to us.

J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

PRESIDENTIAL APPOINTMENTS.

Hannis Taylor, of Alabama, who has been appointed Minister to Spain, is a comparatively young man, being forty years of age. While practising law he found time to engage in literary pursuits and to prepare a work, of which the first volume has been published, on the *Origin and Growth of the English Constitution*. He came originally from North Carolina, but removed to Alabama at a very early age. While he is known very well at the local bar, he has appeared only recently but brilliantly at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, where he argued against the constitutionality of the anti-lottery law. This argument,

perhaps, more than his work on the English constitution, has led to his appointment as Minister to Spain, for it attracted the attention of Senator Morgan of his State, and induced him to recommend him for the post. Mr. Taylor takes one of the prizes of the diplomatic service, and is sent to a post where he can do the government great service.

Mr. James S. Ewing, of Bloomington, Illinois, has been appointed Minister to Belgium. Mr. Ewing is the law partner of Vice-President Stevenson, and also a cousin. Mr. Ewing was a candidate for a judgeship in the new District Court of Appeals, and is said to have very much preferred to receive an appointment in the line of his profession than in the diplomatic service. His appointment to the bench was asked for by the Vice-President and others of Illinois, but Mr. Cleveland appears to have had other views. Mr. Ewing is a native of Kentucky, but has lived in Illinois for thirty years, and during all that time he has been associated with Mr. Stevenson in the practice of the law.

The new Commissioner of Pensions, Judge William Lochren, is apparently one of the best appointments that the President has made. Mr. Cleveland was very careful in his selection of this officer. It was his desire to procure a man who would fulfil to the fullest extent the obligations which the administration has assumed for the reform of the pension list, and he found his task a very difficult one, owing especially to the small salary, $5000, which the Commissioner of Pensions receives. Judge Lochren is one of the most popular and esteemed citizens of the State of Minnesota. He has been a judge elected by the people in a Republican district, and was endorsed for the office to which he has been appointed by the unanimous vote of the Legislature of Minnesota, which is largely Republican. He was born in Ireland, and came to this country early in life. He was brought up and educated in Vermont, and is fifty-seven years of age. Since 1857 he has resided in Minnesota, and has been twice the caucus nominee of the Democratic party for United States Senator. When he was twenty-four years old he enlisted in the First Minnesota Volunteers, and was soon made a First Lieutenant. It was his regiment that was put into the gap to meet the charge of Pickett's brigade at Gettysburg, and when the charge was over he and one or two others were all the officers that were left of the regiment. Notwithstanding the fact of his wounds, received in the discharge of his duties in the war, he has never applied for a pension. His old captain, Martin Maginnis, of Montana, says that he was the best man of his regiment, not barring himself, and he was and is a very good man.

The Solicitor of the Treasury, Lawrence Maxwell, Jun., received his appointment on account of the legal abilities in public litigation that he has demonstrated in the department. He is a comparatively young man, but before he came to Washington he had demonstrated that he was possessed of large professional capacity as a member of the firm of Ramsey, Maxwell, & Ramsey, in the city of Cincinnati. He comes from a well-known family in Cincinnati, prominent in business and in society, and it is one of those appointments which are to be credited peculiarly to the President. Mr. Maxwell's duties as solicitor will make him the attorney of the government, the Attorney-General being the barrister or counsel who appears in court.

The President's selection for Treasurer of the United States was Mr. Daniel N. Morgan, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and for Assistant Treasurer at New York city Mr. Conrad N. Jordan. Mr. Morgan is a prominent citizen of Connecticut, and is now a State Senator. He served as Mayor of Bridgeport for three terms, and in that town he is held in high regard as a man of business, society, and politics. For ten years he has been the president of a national bank in Bridgeport. Though Mr. Morgan's appointment is credited as belonging to the President personally, he was not without endorsements in his candidacy for the place. These endorsements were from leading bankers of the State, and also from men of political influence. Mr. Morgan is about fifty years old, and is in the very vigor of his maturity.

Mr. Conrad N. Jordan is about sixty-five years old, and for quite forty years has been engaged in business in the city. He began business life as a clerk in the Hanover Bank, and rose to be general bookkeeper. Then for a very little while he took a position in a bank in Fishkill. In 1864 he became cashier of the Third National Bank in New York, and staid there four years. When the Gold Exchange Bank was ruined by the gold panic, Mr. Jordan became auditor to the receiver, and performed his duties with much credit to himself. About twelve years ago Mr. Jordan became secretary and treasurer of the New York, Ontario, and Western Railroad Company, having been put in the place to represent the interests of the late Samuel J. Tilden, with whom Mr. Jordan had been associated politically. In the campaign of 1884 Mr. Jordan took an active part, and when Mr. Cleveland took office Mr. Jordan was appointed Treasurer of the United States.

MUNICIPAL ART.

The Municipal Art Society of New York will hold its first annual meeting on April 24th. At that time the officers and an executive committee will be elected. The present officers of the society are Richard M. Hunt, president; Edward H. Kendall, vice-president; Edward Hamilton Bell, secretary; and William B. Bigelow, treasurer.

This society has for its object the provision of "adequate sculptural and pictorial decorations for the public buildings and parks in the city of New York." It was first organized in the studio of Mr. William Vanderbilt Allen, at the Sherwood, 58 West Fifty-seventh Street, on March 22, 1893, where several preliminary meetings had already been held. At the meeting of March 22d Mr. Richard M. Hunt took the chair. Nearly a hundred prominent men signed the roll, letters being read from others expressing their interest in the objects of the society, and their desire to be enrolled among its members. Among these names are those of R. M. Hunt, Charles F. McKim, Russel Sturgis, H. J. Hardenbergh, John La Farge, Will H. Low, Kenyon Cox, Augustus St. Gaudens, Daniel C. French, Michel Le Brun, Edwin H. Blashfield, F. D. Millet, Howard Russell Butler, William M. Chase, W. B. Tuthill, E. H. Kendall, William A. Coffin, John M. Carrère, Thomas Hastings, Thomas Dewing, George W. Maynard, and R. M. Upjohn. A few days later a meeting of ladies was held, at which a large number of well-known women became members.

The society proposes to "secure a membership of at least two thousand, both men and women being eligible for membership, who shall pay annual dues, or a membership fee of five dollars each. Out of the funds thus accumulated, and such gifts of money as may be made to the society, it is proposed to pay for competitions to be held under the direction of the society, and for the execution of such works of art or decorative projects as may be chosen. The competitions, which will be open to artists of both sexes and without regard to membership in the society, will be held at least once a year."

As a rule, the artist who is to execute a given piece of work will be chosen by competition. Committees have already been appointed to consider the best way of conducting these competitive exhibitions. They will submit their reports at the coming annual meeting. As far as possible, however, the lines of those held in Paris for the decoration of her public buildings will be followed. They will be managed by large advisory and executive committees, who will be elected by the society itself at its annual meetings. The municipal authorities will be duly acquainted with the purposes of the society, and their co-operation will be sought from the first. Men or women desiring to become members of the Municipal Art Society of New York have only to send their names to Mr. Edward Hamilton Bell, 215 West Fifty-seventh Street; checks being drawn to William B. Bigelow, treasurer. All members whose names are on the roll will have the right to vote at the annual meeting.

Interest in municipal art is everywhere growing. Mr. J. McNeill Whistler and Mr. Puvis de Chavannes having offered to decorate certain rooms in the Boston Library, at a dinner given in the Union League Club by Mr. Alfred Parsons to the painters, architects, and sculptors of New York and Boston, a letter was framed, signed by all the guests present, and addressed to the Mayor of Boston, urging upon that gentleman, in the interest of art in America, the acceptance of this proposition.

It is in Cincinnati, however, that the best results in the way of municipal art in America have until now been attained. In their new City Hall, erected by Samuel Hannaford & Sons, the problem presented was the filling of five windows, on each of the three landings, belonging to a grand staircase in white marble. These windows opened on an inner court devoid of sunshine. The Common Council, with rare enlightenment, threw the designs for these open to competition. Mr. Edward Hamilton Bell was successful. A detailed description of these five windows—each series consists of one broad window, with four narrower lights, two by two, on either side, but lately on exhibition at Pottier & Stymus's—is interesting, as showing the quality of the work now being used in the decoration of this building. The subjects chosen are allegorical of the city—historical and legendary. Thus, among the five recently on exhibition—from which our illustrations are selected—Cincinnati, as the Queen City, sits enthroned, wearing a red robe, in which some interesting effects are produced among the high lights by the bleaching out of the glass by chemicals. She wears a crown of towers, and carries in her hand the caduceus of Mercury, the caduceus being part of the city's coat-of-arms. On either side of this figure are Law, in a purple robe, and Order, clad in lion-skin and a blue tunic. At the foot of her throne sits Commerce, with Mercury's wings on her head, a rudder in her hand. In the distance flows the Ohio River. In the smaller pictures, to the right, are Liberty and Peace walking together, Liberty bearing a flaming torch; Agriculture is attended with the genius of pastoral life. To the left are the windows, with Abundance scattering fruits, and attended by Industry; Labor at his forge smiling at Education, who teaches a child.

The historical windows illustrate the arrival of the early settlers by wagon, then by boat, the first landing with the flag, in which picture portraits of the pioneers are reproduced; the building of the city in log huts; and the first Sunday morning service under the guns of Fort Washington. The fact that Cincinnati, formerly Losanteville, the capital of the Northwest Territory, received its name from Governor Sinclair, who in 1790 called it after the Order of Cincinnatus, of which he was a member, gave Mr. Bell opportunity to introduce in one of his groups that scene in the life of the great Roman general when, while ploughing with his oxen, he was summoned to defend his country.

Mr. Bell's borders present some charming designs, in which the buckeye, the apple-tree, and the corn of Ohio are interwoven.

In these windows one finds probably the first example in America of strictly municipal art, as it was understood by the great commonwealth of Renaissance Italy.

LILLIE H. FRENCH.

THE LATE GEORGE I. SENEY.

In the veins of George I. Seney ran some of the best blood of this country. His grandfather was a delegate to the Continental Congress, and afterward a member of Congress from Maryland from 1789 to 1792. His great-grandfather, on his mother's side, was James Nicholson, first Commodore of the United States Navy. His father was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and an alumnus of Columbia College. Able to estimate the advantages of a collegiate course, he gave his children the best education which the times afforded, and George I. Seney was graduated from the University of the City of New York in 1847.

As he preferred the banking business to a profession, after some experience in Brooklyn, and in the Gallatin Bank and the Bank of North America in this city, in 1853 he entered the Metropolitan Bank as paying-teller, afterwards becoming cashier, and finally president. The institution under his management had extraordinary prosperity until "the bank panic" of 1884.

Having accumulated a considerable fortune, which he employed in large railroad enterprises, about 1875 he began to attract attention by unusual exhibitions of public spirit. Born of a line so closely connected with the early history of this country, such studies had a peculiar charm for him, and he gave $100,000 to the Long Island Historical Society. His father having been a minister, and his mother long surviving as a widow, he was continually desirous of promoting the welfare of aged and infirm ministers, and the widows and children of such as had died in the ministry, and for more than twenty years annually contributed more than any other person connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church to their relief.

An educated man, he was solicitous for the welfare of institutions designed to promote the highest culture. To the Wesleyan University, of which he had been for a short time a student, he gave more than half a million dollars. To Emory College, of Oxford, Georgia, and the Wesleyan Female College, of Macon, in the same State, he gave $125,000 each. His motive in these gifts was patriotic, for he maintained that the best means of cementing the unity of the States lately estranged was for Northern capital to take a lively interest in Southern enterprises, and for philanthropists to make no sectional distinction in their benefactions.

Perceiving that the Methodist Episcopal Church, absorbed in evangelical and educational efforts, had not done its share in the humanitarian work of caring for the sick, he gave more than $400,000 toward the erection of a hospital, and in so doing gave rise to a movement from which already ten Methodist hospitals have arisen.

He was a munificent patron of art, and a wide and discriminating reader of the best literature.

At the time of his financial embarrassments he supposed himself secure, and always believed that the panic was

THE LATE GEORGE I. SENEY.

caused by interested parties who for their own purposes misled many others. His efforts to discharge his obligations were heroic and successful. The value of his gifts was enhanced by the spirit in which he made them, and he has earned a place in the catalogue of public benefactors. The union of the denominational, non-sectarian, patriotic, and philanthropic elements in the manifestations of his generosity stamps him a man of unusual breadth of view, and caused general satisfaction when it became apparent that his financial difficulties had been greatly relieved, and he was again able in a measure to gratify his beneficent impulses.

J. M. BUCKLEY.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

In these festive days of spring, when strangers are flocking to New York on their way to the World's Fair, it verily behooves our artists to put their best foot forward in honor of the nation's art. It will not do to echo the modern masters of Europe, and spread for Europeans the same old feast of art objects painted and modelled which they know at home. Neither shall it avail them to say that their best has been drafted off to represent them at Chicago. The guild of painters and sculptors is so large in the seaboard cities that there should be enough good material to furnish all demands. This is a year of crisis in which everybody shall be critical, or else renounce forever the pretension of knowing good art from bad. We have been measuring the spring exhibit at the National Academy of Design. What has the Society of American Artists to say for itself?

Very little in sculpture. As the Academy is lamentably weak in this regard, so the Society has a very slender budget to unpack, but at any rate a better. Mr. Wellington Ruckstuhl, a pupil of Mercié, carries off the honors with his life-size nude in marble, called "Evening," a symbolical nymph who stands shading her face with her arms, to signify in no unpoetical manner the closing of petals and the end of day. Very pure in sentiment and very chaste, this nude is yet very human; perhaps too human in its liberal feminine curves for the delicacy of the thought. The modelling of legs and torso is exquisite; that of the back is beautiful enough to carry the statue on the rear view alone.

Mr. Olin L. Warner has a heroic bust of Governor Flower, of New York, modelled for the State's headquarters at the World's Fair. It is a dignified work. Mr. Herbert Adams has a relief called "The Orchid," showing the application of color to statuary. The lady, seated in profile, who holds an orchid, relieves against a gold background her faintly colored face, yellowish hair, and dark red gown. All is delicately modelled, but the coloring is experimental rather than a true success. Miss Caroline W. Peddle has a life-size "Virgin Mary in Youth," the eyes cast down and the hands crossed in devotion on her breast. Mr. Sergeant Kendal has a pleasing little head of a Breton peasant girl, and Mr. J. S. Hartley a little boy's head.

The paintings, however, go far to condone this defect. The north and south galleries have a smiling, victorious air, a consciousness that no better exhibit has ever been made before in New York—which is the same as saying in America. The large committee on acceptance of pictures has worked to good purpose, and the little hanging committee has done wonders in their ungrateful but most important office. Though but little more than half as many pictures have been hung as the Academy contains, the collection seems larger, and is far more impressive, not merely in ableness and technical brilliancy, but in variety and imaginativeness. A dozen canvases boldly attempt the supernatural, and often with success; some half-dozen tread the perilous path of the religious picture. The landscapes are many which rise to a very high level of beauty, and they tell the changes of season with great sweetness, and in certain cases with subtlety.

One such is figured here, Mr. Horatio Walker's "Morning in Spring," a landscape with a tender background, sweet tones in the sky, and touches of sunlight falling on the backs of oxen and ploughman, and dissipating the morning mists beyond them. The tones suggest the sweetness of pastel. "Deerfield Valley," by Henry G. Dearth, which received from the jury the Webb prize, is a really masterly landscape. "A Midsummer Night" by Charles Warren Eaton is darkly luminous and has the uncommonly bold attempt to represent fire-flies gleaming over river and marsh. William A.

Coffin's "Autumn Evening," J. Appleton Brown's "June," Theodore Robinson's "Valley of the Seine," Robert Van Boskerck's "Rolling Clouds" may stand for landscape, while snowy scenes are led by Walter L. Palmer's "Snow-Laden Pines."

The gay effect of these galleries is largely due to portraits in full length of young women in bright costumes. Witness Mr. Robert Reid's sketch-portrait in pink tones of Mrs. Bettini; Mr. W. M. Chase's "An Artist's Wife," the lady turning her face round from the picture she has been examining, and his Velasquez lady, "Portrait of Miss C.," in pink-lined opera cloak, white gown and white feather trimming. As the picture here sets forth, Mr. William H. Hyde has in "Place du Carrousel" a pretty, slender young lady, tripping along in the shadow of the Louvre, with the arch of the Carrousel Court in sunlight beyond.

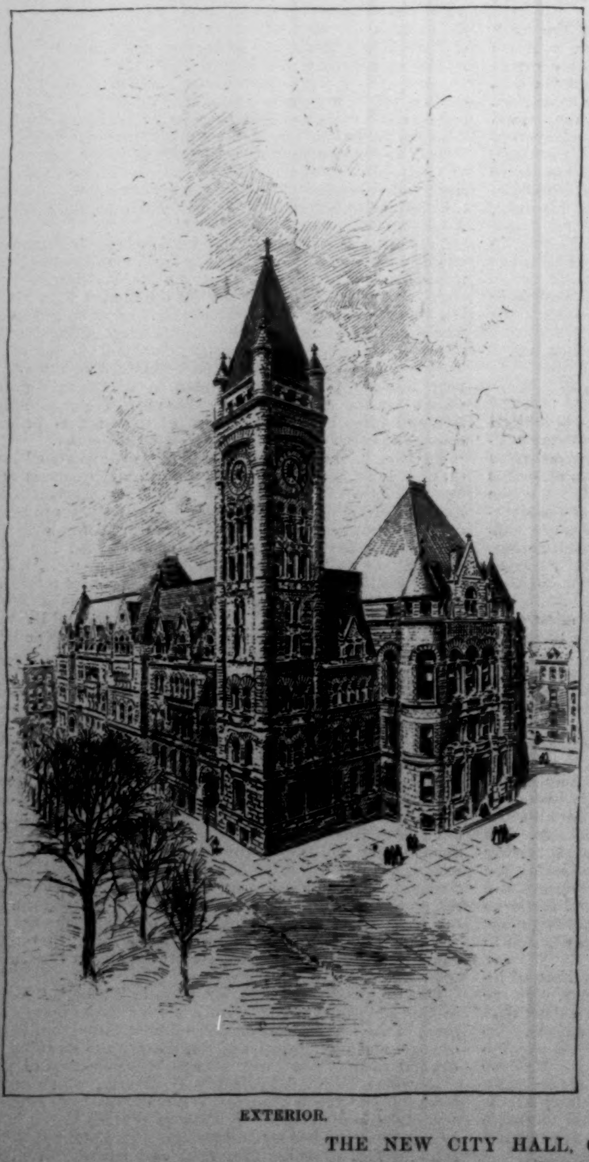
A half-dozen nudes brighten the Vanderbilt Gallery, among which is "The Bath," bought by the jury for Mr. Samuel T. Shaw with his annual sum of $1500. It is by E. C. Tarbell, but the method is not so thick and solid with paint as his out-door pieces. A handsome young woman lounges on her boudoir divan with her feet in a bath, while a maid, kneeling with back turned, dries her arms. Though the brushwork is more dainty than usual, it is still rather coarse, and the picture itself is a trifle coarse, too, not because of its nudity, but its handling. Perhaps there is too strong an impression of an effort on the painter's part to be realistic; at any rate, the charm is absent which one expects in such a subject to relieve its animality. In a different way the same lack of charm and nobility is seen in Mr. Kenyon Cox's "Sleep," a woman flung down in a difficult foreshortened position, with eyes closed and a poppy in her hand. It is too suggestive of the Bacchante overcome by strong drink or by opium. Mr. Robert Reid's "Study of Nude," a young woman on a Polar-bear skin, with

THE VIRGIN.—Abbott H. Thayer.—By Permission of Charles L. Freer. 5.9×6.11 feet.

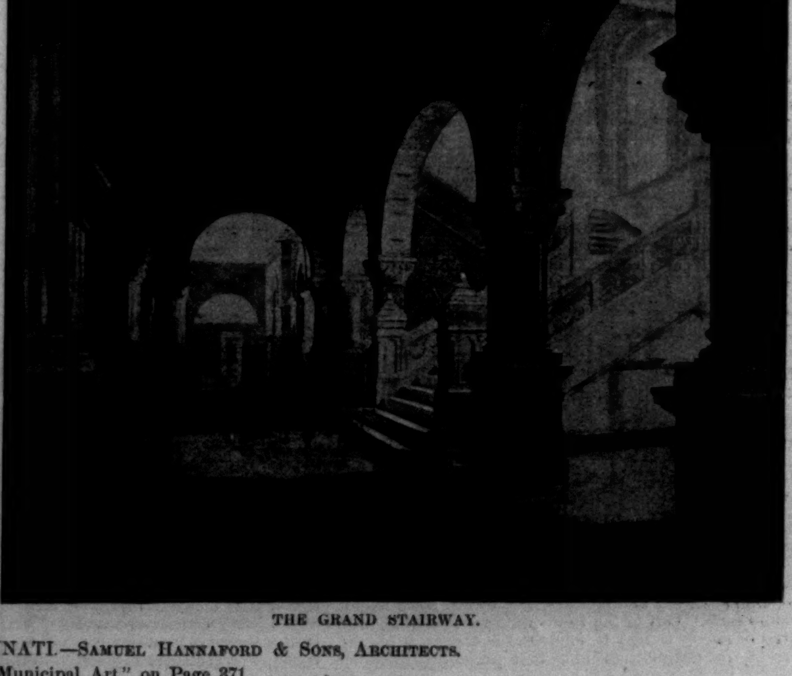
firelight playing on face and figure, has less of this quality. Mr. Herbert Denman's "Voice of the Spring," is a half-nude nymph with antique lyre, seated on a stone bench and overshadowed by a peach-tree in full blossom. The flesh painting here is not so luminous as Mr. Reid makes it; there are more greens and olives in the skin; but the impression is that of a being less fleshly human.

In the supernatural section one may place a pretty fancy from Mr. F. S. Church, "The Lotos Eater," a fairy maid overcome by drowsihead and cradled in a lotus blossom; also "Psyche" by Mrs. Louise Cox, rather masculine in face and figure; also "The Autumn Haze," graceful and poetical fancy of much originality, by Mr. C. C. Curran, being a nymph bearing a green stand with flame and wreaths of mist rising from it. In the religious line there is a noteworthy "Christ in the Boat on Gennesaret," by Professor John F. Weir of Yale; a predella for altar by Mr. Kenyon Cox, antique in its arrangement, giving the temptation of Adam and Eve on one side of the tree, and the expulsion on the other; and a "Flight into Egypt," by Mr. Guy Rose.

Mr. Childe Hassam has beautiful work in "The Last Light of the City," a garden on a roof, with two graceful women. But to many the large painting by Mr. Abbott H. Thayer called "The Virgin," here reproduced, will seem the most important in the exhibition. A young woman with a severe startled look steps briskly forward, leading a little boy and a still smaller girl. The boy has the same intense, almost fierce, expression, and his tumbled hair and gypsylike wraps add to the uncanny effect. The flesh tones are not good, but they harmonize with draperies, and the whole group seems to be possessed of some fear, or some terrible knowledge which hurries them along in a speechless agony. What the picture means is not unfolded, but it has the merit of presenting that question, and the further interest—shall we call it a merit also?—of never giving an answer.



EXTERIOR.



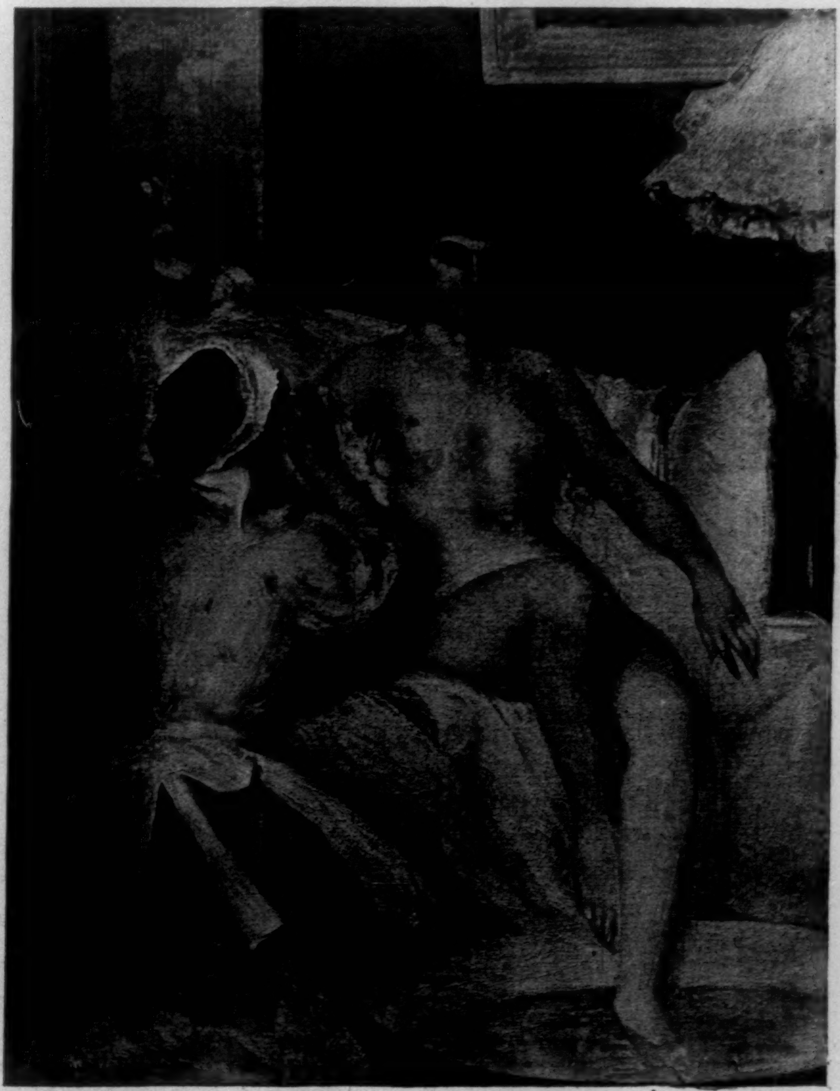
THE GRAND STAIRWAY.

THE NEW CITY HALL, CINCINNATI.—Samuel Hannaford & Sons, Architects.

See Article "Municipal Art" on Page 371.

2.8×5.7 feet.

THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL.—W. H. HYDE.



2.6×3.4 feet.

THE $1500 PRIZE PICTURE "THE BATH."—EDMUND C. TARBELL.

2×3 feet.

MORNING IN SPRING.—HORATIO WALKER.

FROM THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.—[SEE PAGE 371.]

IN HAMPTON ROADS, APRIL, 1893.

Blue sky above, blue sea below,
  A rainbow flutter from fort and fleet,
Flashing of signals to and fro,
  And the ocean highway a thronging street.

Banners flung on the April air,
  Thunder of cannon in brave salute,
The drum's deep note and the trumpet's blare,
  The mellow music of pipe and flute.

Seafaring men, with faces tanned
  By sun and tempest and windy weather,
A chain of commerce that land with land
  Links the states of the world together.

And back of it all, to-day, one sees
The swart, stern brow of the Genoese;
And under it all, to-day, one hears
The diapason of time's long years.

Margaret E. Sangster.

THIS BUSY WORLD

According to one of the London society journals, "the American colony in London wish very much that some man of really good American family, with a wife of really good American family as well, could be sent over here to represent the States." There is an air of patience under exasperating experiences about the expression of this desire which is hardly warranted by the facts. If Mr. Lowell, Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Lincoln were not representatives of really good American families, the American colony in London ought to define its notion of what a really good American family is. It is a comfort to reflect, however, that Mr. Bayard and his wife are both prepared to meet the most exacting demands of the colony. If there is anything in American lineage that can fairly entitle a family to be considered really good, it is "signers"; and Mrs. Bayard's family, the Clymers, have them in most exceptional profusion and variety. If there happened to be no signers among the Revolutionary Bayards, it is because they were fighting or otherwise actively engaged for the colonies at the time the signing was being done. For the Bayards are a really good American family, as either of the Sons of the Revolution societies will admit.

It is possible that there are Americans living on this continent who derive from ancestors who came over with Columbus, but if so, they are unknown, and are probably classified in the census returns as of aboriginal descent. In order to get a specimen of the stock of the discoverers for exhibition at the Chicago Fair it has been necessary to send back to Spain and borrow the Duke of Veragua, thirteenth in descent from Columbus himself, and heir to his titles. The Duke is chief of the Spanish World's Fair Commissioners, and at this writing is on his way to New York. He is a successful farmer, and makes a specialty of quarrelsome bulls, which bring a high price in Spain for use in the ring. He is fifty-six years old, a statesman of reputation, and constitutionally friendly to the United States. He is American not only in sympathies, but in appearance, since his portrait shows a striking resemblance to that of Dr. Depew.

Another visiting representative of a house to which our country owes much is Prince Roland Bonaparte, grandson of Lucien, a brother of that Napoleon Bonaparte who gave President Jefferson so excellent a bargain in Southwestern lands. It was Lucien who gained a unique distinction among the Bonapartes by refusing to abandon his wife when the Emperor commanded it. His obduracy cost him a kingdom and much personal discomfort, but enhanced his value as an ancestor. Prince Roland is going to the fair, like every one else, but his coming has other purposes, since he wishes to study the anthropology of some of the Indian tribes, and to view the antiquities of Colorado and Mexico. He takes a lively interest in scientific investigation, as befits the grandson of a man who did not care to be a king, but was proud to become a member of the Institute.

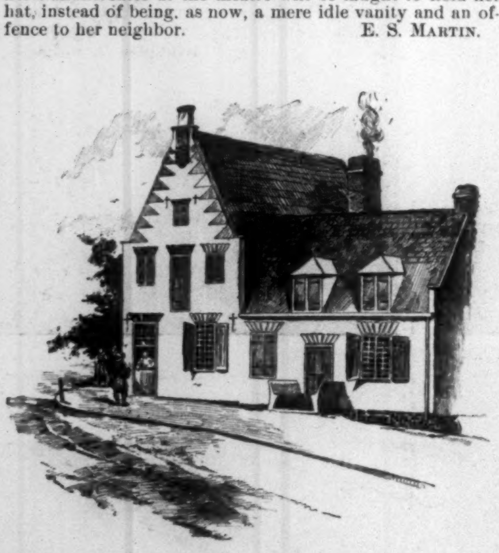
Just now when we hear of the French Institute it seems usually to be in connection with some candidate who does not get in. Zola makes a vast deal of gossip every time he contests a chair, and it must be admitted that he has raised the Institute's character by demonstrating the quality of its discrimination. The latest candidate who has failed to arrive is M. Brunetière, who was two votes short of a majority for the chair of John Lemoinne. But M. Brunetière is young, and will doubtless become an Academician in good time. He is a student of enormous diligence, and is credited with knowing more than any one else about the classical seventeenth-century period of French literature. He is a critical writer, and a lecturer at the Sorbonne, and is described as a critic who cares more for ideas than for style, and who repudiates the chatter of "art for art's sake," and denies that a writer has any business to be indifferent to moral considerations.

A London correspondent remarks with a despondent air that a copy of the first edition of Hardy's novel *Tess* has been sold for $25, while the grave of George Eliot, at Highgate Cemetery, is allowed to fall into a shameful state of decay. These facts are both interesting, but are wholly unrelated. The fact that Mr. Hardy's first editions bring good prices does not prove much except that they are already scarce. The fact that George Eliot's grave is neglected throws no light whatever on the current status of appreciation of her books. If graves of eminent persons were open to the rapacity of collectors, as first editions are, there is no doubt that George Eliot's grave would bring a very large price, and would be carefully kept in a glass case and dusted every morning. As it is, desirable graves, not being transferable, often fall to the ownership of persons who do not value them, and who take no pains to keep them up. In such cases, inasmuch as it savors of impertinence to meddle with another family's burial lot, it is customary to allow the grave to be neglected for a generation or two, till the rightful curators have disappeared, and then to look after it at the public expense. So Shakespeare's grave is cared for; and so George Eliot's grave will presently be repaired—unless, indeed, the opinion should come to obtain that no grave is so objectionable as a nice new one, and none so attractive as a neglected one, and that there is no one so admirably tender and judicious in the care of graves as Nature. There are some things—such as patent-leather shoes—on which moss should not be allowed to collect, and some surfaces—such as the human scalp—to which a growth of long grass is not becoming. But grass-grown—or even overgrown—graves and mossy head-stones have their own charm, and in many cases it is a doubtful advantage to meddle with them.

People are very different, anyway, about their enjoyment of cemetery privileges. Some people like to frequent their burial lots much more than others do. Some associate the departed with their graves much more closely than others. So also some persons, when they do visit their cemetery lots, like to stir around and tidy things up. Others prefer to sit down and invite their souls and meditate. It is just as well in these matters to let everybody go his own gait. In these days of household sanitation, when the dwellings of the living are loaded with plumbing and conveniences that have to be watched with sleepless care, it is a blessed relief sometimes to find a habitation that will stand neglect without any deleterious consequences to its tenant.

It is reported that ammonia is to furnish the coming street-car motor. Now the chemists may not admit it, but it is evident enough to laymen that ammonia is just a smell. A big, strong smell, to be sure, and able to work, but still a smell. Is it not immensely clever to have harnessed so elusive a thing and made it go on wheels? It is Nature's own way. When there is an able-bodied effluvium anywhere it is a sure sign that she is busy with something, and has provided energy which very likely needs supervision. Nature is enormously effectual, but she will not work for man unless he makes her. She discriminates, but her point of view is not man's. She is a wonderful scavenger, but she is just as ready to carry off a live baby as a dead horse. Everybody knows her method of cleaning the streets. The more colossal the odor, the harder she is at it. It is not our way, or ought not to be if it is. It is a glad thought that now that some one has found out how to put smells to work we may hope that presently the spring filth in city streets can just be geared to a proper apparatus and made to carry itself away. Soon it may come to pass that the farmers will plough their land with the smell of the phosphates they use to fertilize it, and the musk that the girl wears on her handkerchief at the theatre will be taught to hold her hat, instead of being, as now, a mere idle vanity and an offence to her neighbor.

E. S. Martin.



AN OLD DUTCH LANDMARK.

The Lansing house, erected in 1710, is the oldest building left standing in Albany, and it will be left standing but a few weeks longer, since before 1894 a large commercial building will stand upon the site. With the old house will go one of the very few remaining links that connect the Albany of to-day with the Fort Orange of two centuries ago.

Albany—or Fort Orange, as it was called before 1686—was surrounded by a stockade, which was intended to protect the settlement from invasion by the Indians, and the Lansing house was erected a short distance outside the wall, to be used as a trading-store, where goods could be bartered with the Indians for "good, whole, and merchantable" beaver-skins. The building is two stories high, with a long low addition, and was made of bricks, which the owner, Jacob Lansen (since changed to Lansing), brought over from Holland in a sailing vessel. Fox Kill, now covered over, ran near the north side of the house, and a picket fence enclosed his property, which he used as a pasture-land for his cows and goats.

The widow Visscher was the next owner, and she permitted the house to be used by the Indians as a lodging-place while staying over to sell peltries and buy stores. Many an exciting scene was witnessed there after the red men had traded their skins for rum. The red men became uproarious, and it is related that the widow "used her broom freely upon such occasions, and it was a potent sceptre in her hands in restoring order."

The interior has been changed from time to time, and in various places embedded in the whitewashed walls are to be seen the ends of ten-inch beams as sawed off when the level of the flooring was changed. The ground-floor has been utilized continuously since 1810 by Pemberton, father and son, who have almost concealed the rough thick walls by piling upon the shelves family groceries, while from the beams hang strings of garlic, bags of smoked meats, and even a few roots and herbs, which, being seldom called for now, might have hung there since the beginning of the century.

There are several curious relics about the structure. On a large oak joist hangs an oil-painting of the house itself, done over a hundred and fifty years ago, of which the illustration is a copy, but the coloring in part is dim, and the artist's name is too faint to be deciphered. There is an assortment of the various old locks and keys, which are of quaint and curious design, and two tiles which originally decorated the first fireplace, around which the Indians sat and smoked their pipes with the Dutch traders, are still preserved. One illustrates "Mat. 26, 75," and shows Peter crying when he hears the cock crow, and the other, "Luc 15, 17," showing the return of the prodigal son. Both tiles are well preserved, and the coloring is a deep blue upon a white ground. On the north side, although now boarded up, can be seen the small door, but eighteen inches wide and five feet high, which was made thus to prevent more than one assailant passing through at a time in case of an attack by the savages.

Upon the second floor are two commodious rooms—or garrets, for the ceilings of both slope on all four sides to meet the walls at a height of five feet. The windows are high and narrow, and arranged in pairs, the window-panes being small and numerous. There is an open fireplace in the larger room, and the mantel is supposed to be the original one, although the carved columns would indicate a later period, when people had the time and money to devote to in-door decorations.

High up in the gable side can be seen the old iron crane that was formerly used in hoisting heavy articles to the second story, and from the street is noticeable a large door opening upon the second floor. This door is divided through the middle, each part swinging on a pair of iron hinges. In the upper half is a square hole, which was used by those within to see what was going on in the direction of the stockade. All the windows were furnished with solid wooden shutters, in the upper part of which were crescents cut to admit light when they were closed. Both the crane and the divided door were placed there when the building was erected, but neither has been used for many years.

THE LOVE OF A GOD.

BY FRED A. WILSON.

The green jade eyes of Kwon-Guet, the god of might, rolled in his head, then the wooden eyelids blinked twice, and a sigh came out from between the wooden teeth. The hohn-shau-yan of the temple, lazily swinging the bronze jar of incense, looked up sharply and glanced about him, not like a man in fear, but like a man whose mind is alert. He saw nothing, and continued his chant:

"I am the slave of the god of happiness;
I give fine wine that he may drink deeply and be happy.
To the god of goodness I bow myself down.
Hau, hau, hau!"

A maiden of the rich house of Shum Lea had just left the Temple of the Sun, which stands near the west wall of the city of Quang-Tung. Long had she prayed before Kwon-Guet, the great god of might. She was lonely, and she prayed that he would send her a young man for a lover.

"I will sing love-chants to him; I will make him happy; and I shall love him, O, Kwon-Guet! good Kwon-Guet!" she prayed, and as she bowed low on the prayer-cloth the big round green eyes of the god looked down upon her. He saw how white and small her hands were that were laid on the mat; he saw how shapely the little neck was; and something moved inside him—something he had never felt before. It was his heart. For centuries it had not stirred, but now it began to beat, and it seemed to him as if blood was trickling through his wooden veins, and his cheeks were becoming warm.

He was in love. He loved a little t'uung-nue, no higher than his knee, whose hands were like two white butterflies, and whose form was frail and slight. He, looking down, saw her cast the wine at his feet and light the fire of sandal-wood chips. The smoke of incense went up in a straight line. The perfume was grateful to him. And she clapped her hands, as maidens will, for it seemed as though her prayer was granted. She gave cash to the keeper, and when she went out of the big door on the south side it seemed to Kwon-Guet as if his heart had stopped beating and the blood had become wood again. Then he sighed, and his eyes rolled, and the keeper had stopped his chant to listen.

The temple was closed; the city had passed to sleep. The green eyes of Kwon-Guet were staring at the stone floor where the maiden had knelt. His heart was still. When the night is half spent the gods in the temple are permitted to hold converse with one another, but they can only talk of those who have knelt and prayed before them. This hour was near, and as the sacred bell struck, the wooden frame of Kwon-Guet trembled as if a woodsman had driven an axe into his side. He spoke to Moo-Shuut, the god of magic.

"I am in love," he said; "I love the little maiden who prayed before me when the sun was almost set. Tell me, Moo-Shuut, is there no magic that you have that can make me human?"

"My magic is all-powerful, but if the maiden do not her part, I am useless as clay."

"What must the maiden do?" asked Kwon-Guet, eagerly, leaning forward just a little.

"When she prays before you, if by chance or design her naked hand touches your foot when she expresses her wish, then will you become human and like other men; but it is decreed that no god may stay away from the temple at one time any longer than from the rising until the setting or from the setting until the rising of the sun."

"Ah!" returned Kwon-Guet, despondently, "perhaps she may never touch my foot. No one has ever touched my foot. See," and he moved it forward; "the dust of centuries is upon it."

"But if the prayer-sticks should fall, and if she were to reach for them, might she not touch your foot?"

"Yes, yes, if they would only fall," replied Kwon-Guet.

"When she comes to-morrow to pray I will make them fall," said Moo-Shuut. "I will—"

The sacred bell tolled; the hour of life had passed, and the dim temple lights cast shadows among gods that were of nothing more than wood and clay and stone.

The next day, one hour before the setting of the sun, came the maiden of Shum Lea to the temple to pray for a lover. She put her offering in the hand of the hohn-shau-yan, and then she laid her mat before Kwon-Guet. She kneeled so low that her forehead touched the ground, and as the eyes of the god looked down upon her, the warmth of love came again into the wooden cheeks. Long she prayed, but never once did her hand stray near the wooden foot upon the low pedestal. So deep was she in prayer that the prayer-sticks lay unheeded at her side. Once she looked up, and seeing that the temple was deserted, arose to go, but Moo-Shuut, the god of magic, had cast a spell about her, and she crouched closer to the mat.

The temple was deserted; even the keeper had gone to his little room far off in the southwest corner to eat his bowl of fon.

"Thy servant prays for a lover," she said. "Of all the

"'THY SERVANT PRAYS FOR A LOVER,' SHE SAID."

men in the city there is not one who comes to gaze upon the charms of the maiden of Shum Lea."

As she spoke she picked up two of the prayer-sticks, and held them toward the urn of ashes. The breast of Kwon-Guet moved like the frame of a man who breathes heavily. She put the wooden end of the sticks in the urn, and with a taper she lighted them. The mouth of the god of magic closed; the cheeks stuck out big and round, like two moon cakes; and then he blew, softly at first, like a spring zephyr, then harder and harder, until the wind swept around the maiden, and made the smouldering sticks flame up like eyes in the head of an angry beast. The ashes flew up out of the urn like a storm-cloud, and the sticks, first one, then the other, fell forward upon the pedestal between the dust-stained feet of the god of might. The figure shivered, and the maiden crouched closer to the mat. The wind ceased, and she looked up at her sticks.

"It is the god of wrath, Channo," she whispered. "I have offended him."

Then one little white hand crept forward, like a thing which is afraid, towards the sticks. She took one and placed it back in the ashes; she reached for the other, but, trembling, brushed the dust from off the left foot of the image. It was as if her hand had been thrust in burning oil. She heard a great noise, as of thunder, and she bowed her head in fear, and grovelled on the mat.

The spell was cast. The image of the god of might began to shrink, down, down, down, until it was no taller than a man; it moved, and from wood it turned to flesh and bone. It wore costly clothes; jewels were upon the neck and hands. It was a man, and the maiden's lover had come to answer her prayer. He stepped from off the pedestal and leaned over her.

"Ho-Yeung, Ho-Yeung," he said, "I have come to you at last." He touched the bare white neck, and the shiver that came upon him passed to her. He put a hand under each arm, and gently, as a mother would lift her child, he picked her up until she stood beside him. "I love you, Ho-Yeung," he said. "I have never loved but you."

As a maiden should, she looked timidly at him, and she knew that her prayer had been answered. Her eye never wandered to the pedestal where once had stood the god of might. She was too happy in her love to think of that. But she thought it strange that he should take her to kneel before the god of magic, and that his prayer should be so long and so strange.

Like two children they went out into the street. He surprised her by his curious questions. It seemed to her as if he had never seen these things before.

They walked out into the country, and when the moon came up they sat beside the road and talked of love. The maiden was indeed happy.

"Who is your best friend?" she asked him once.

"Moo-Shuut," he replied, quickly.

"But that is the god of magic," she answered. "I mean, what man is your best friend?"

"I do not know," he said, simply, like a child to whom the world is strange; and she wondered.

The hours pass quickly for lovers, and the night was almost gone before they knew it. Never once had she thought of home or her parents. It seemed to her as if her lover was the only human being in the world. The hour of parting was at hand, and sadly they came back.

"When may I see you again?" she asked, with all the boldness of her love.

"When you come to the temple to pray you must kneel before Kwon-Guet, and when you have prayed you must touch his foot, and say, 'Oh, Kwon-Guet, I love you!' Then will I come."

Then they parted. As the sunshine crept into the windows of the temple it lighted up the wooden figure of Kwon-Guet, but there was a different look in the eyes of jade, and the dust was gone from the shoulders as well as the feet. But in the jewels about the neck was a lock of a maiden's hair. It was upon this that the eyes of Moo-Shuut looked most intently. Had not the eyes of the keeper been like berries over-ripe, he would have noticed that one of the gods had been away; but at night he did nothing but smoke his water-pipe and drink no-mi-tsan until he fell asleep.

The day passed, people came and prayed and went, and the eyes of the gods were turned toward the door to watch for the maiden. The last hour of prayer had passed, and never once had the door opened inward. The shadows grew heavy, and rats came out of holes in dark corners and ate of the offerings and played among the images. Men passed off the streets to their homes; the city was at rest. It was the even hour of midnight when the gods talked.

"The maiden promised she would come," said Kwon-Guet, sorrowfully, to Moo-Shuut.

"Is your love so great that you must mourn?"

"My love is so strong that I could not live without her," he answered, forgetting that he could only live half a day at a time. "Can you not help me?"

"I have done what I could."

So they talked—Kwon-Guet like one upon whom sorrow has cast a shadow, and the god of magic cheerfully. It had been pleasant for a god to breathe like men, and talk to a beautiful maiden, and feel what it is to love; it was like the taste of freedom to a slave who has always been in bondage; and when the night had gone the eyes of Kwon-Guet looked dull and cold, like glass which has lost lustre.

In the house of Shum Lea the maiden was kept a prisoner because she had remained out all of one night. She had been beaten with a bundle of bamboo shoots to make her confess where she had been, but to all questions she was as one dumb, except when her father had said,

"You have brought shame upon us."

"It is not true," she replied. "I am a pure maiden. My wrong was not that great one."

All of her time was spent in prayer, and the words she spoke oftenest were, "Oh, Kwon-Guet, I love you, I love you!" But this never reached the wooden god in the Temple of the Sun.

On the evening of the fourth day she begged her father to take her to the temple to pray; and he, seeing no harm if he went with her, consented. He would keep both eyes wide open, he thought, and perhaps he would find out why she had been away all of one night. Never once did he release her hand until they reached the temple. She walked over to the god of might and prostrated herself, while her father stood near. She reached out and touched the foot.

"Oh, Kwon-Guet, I love you, I love—"

Again came that crashing, tearing sound, as if the gods were full of wrath. Kwon-Guet the god had gone, and Kwon-Guet the man was bending over the maiden. She arose to meet him as a flower raises its head to the sun. The god of magic blew his strongest blast, and the ashes from the urn filled the temple like a cloud. Shum Lea, the father, fell forward upon his face, praying, half in a swoon, and when he arose the maiden was gone, and the pedestal of the god of might was empty. Like a maniac he rushed out into the street, his hands before his face as if to protect him from the wrath of the gods.

"The god of might has taken my child," he shrieked, and then he told with wonderful detail how the gods had knocked him down and almost killed him.

Out toward the country road there passed a man and a maiden. Their eyes were full of love, and they saw no one. They walked a long distance, until the maiden said,

"Oh, good Kwon-Guet, I am tired."

They sat beside a cool stream, and presently both slept. Her arms were about his neck and her head was upon his breast. When they awoke she begged him to go further away from the city.

"My time is almost up," he answered, sadly. "But one-half of the day am I permitted to be with you. Then I am Kwon-Guet your lover. The other half I must be in the temple, where I am Kwon-Guet the god of might."

She cast herself at his feet, crying out that he must never go back; that he must always be Kwon-Guet her lover. She stood up and flung her arms wildly about his neck, but he knew he must go back.

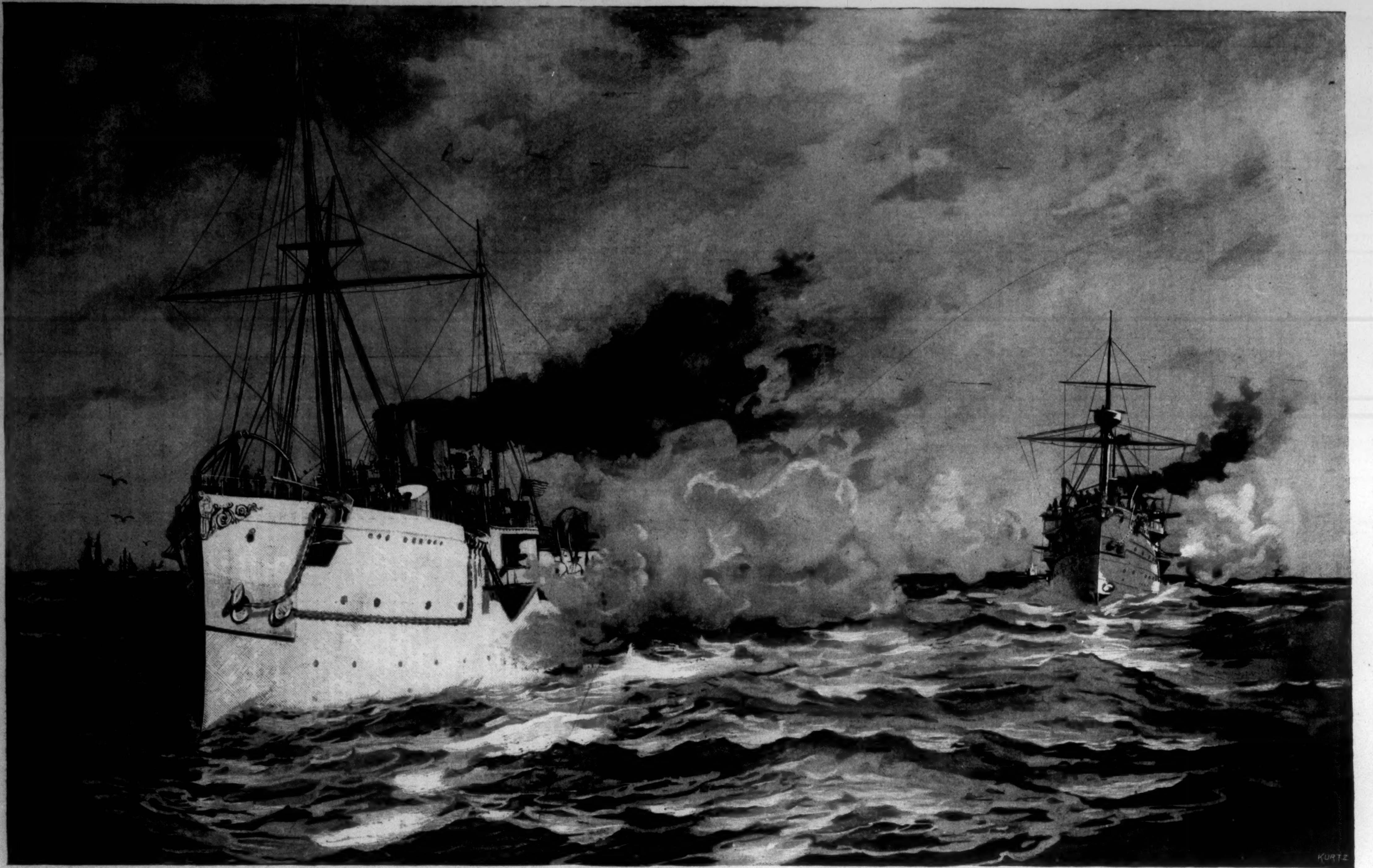
"I love you, I love you, my sun!" she whispered to him. "You can never be an image while I love you so. My love will be your life."

He felt a stiffness in his limbs, and he struggled to free himself, that he might return. He staggered one step forward, like a man whose brain is heavy with wine; then he took another step, with the maiden still clinging about his neck; then—

He was Kwon-Guet the god of might, standing by the dusty road-side. He was twice as tall as the tallest man, and around the neck of this great wooden image with the staring green eyes were the bare arms of a lovely maiden, a maiden of the rich house of Shum Lea, and upon the wooden breast was her senseless form. The sun shone out upon them both, the maiden and the god.

A market-man with his vegetables came along, chanting a song of green fields. He looked up, saw the strange sight, and then ran toward the city, leaving his merchandise in the road. When he met other men he could not talk; fear had taken the power of speech from him. But he pointed out the road and fell upon his face.

They went in the direction he had pointed out—a score of men together, for safety. They walked until they found the god of might standing in all his majesty by the road. At his feet lay the maiden, crouched between. No one dared go near, and for a full day they looked from a distance. Then one, braver than the rest, went up and touched her. She was dead. They buried her where she lay, and the image was never moved. A shrine was built before it, that travellers might pray before entering the city, and the superstitious ones say that at night the image sobs and weeps.



NAVAL MANŒUVRES—TARGET PRACTICE UNDER WAY.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

CIRCUS HANDS.

The "show" business has many curious and amusing phases, but the "circus" end of it easily discounts all of them. In the early days of the "sawdust" ring—it should now be called the shavings ring—the clown and the "trick mule" were indispensable features of the night's entertainment. That was when there was only one ring and perhaps two clowns, who "had fun" with the ring-master. Now the "Greatest Show on Earth" has fifty or more clowns; they do not talk, but they do no end of funny "acts" in pantomime, leap over a whole herd of elephants, and sundry other athletic feats. But the dear old "trick mule" has gone, it would seem, forever. While he lasted the public had no warmer favorite than the lamented "trick mule" of the circus. And if the circus has changed in its details, it has also necessarily changed in its *personnel*. Occasionally we do hear of some place in the South or West having made it particularly warm for the "hands" of some country circus, but the big circus people have too much at stake to take any chances with a class of people who cannot be relied upon to be orderly outside as well as inside of the tent. The circus has the same fascination to it that the stage has; "circus-struck" is much the same thing as "stage-struck"; therefore it comes that a great show can rely almost with certainty upon its experienced hands returning to it each season. For the Columbus spectacle Mr. Kiralfy engages a certain number of the ladies of the ballet in Europe, as many as he can find who are suitable, and who are willing to come out to the "States." For the others the usual advertising is resorted to, which the old "hands" are on the lookout for, and if their previous record is a good one, they are immediately re-engaged. A most elaborate system of book-keeping is resorted to, so as to preserve an absolutely faultless account of each employé of this "mammoth show," so that any misconduct and incompetency can be at once referred to.

Unlike theatrical engagements with all employés of the circus, high and low, all contracts carry with them not only all transportation, but board and lodging as well. Ahead of the "show" travels a "layer-out" as he is called, who arranges in each "stand" for all the people of the "Greatest Show on Earth"; this includes the boarding-houses for $5 a week up to the hotels where the "swells" of the circus world luxuriate at $5 a day. There is one exception to these which the "layer-out" never provides for, and that is those "circus hands" collectively known as canvas-men, hostlers, menagerie-men, etc. It would never do to board these gentlemen at so much per week; they possess able-bodied appetites vigorous enough to eat twice that amount. If they do not receive meat three times a day and cream with their coffee there are grumblings to be heard compared to which the roaring of the lions or the trumpeting of the elephants is but a mild echo. To avoid such "kicking" the circus feeds these hands itself. The show also carries a contractor who furnishes meals at twenty-three cents apiece, and, it is claimed, sets an admirable table; as he frequently serves fifteen hundred meals a day, he has all the responsibilities of a commissary-general to an army.

Wages to the "circus hands" range all the way from $7 per week up to $25; and then, of course, the principals, who receive "salaries" according to the importance of their "acts" and reputation; so as these amounts mean "found" as well, they are liberally and even generously paid. In return for this, the most imperative discipline is maintained; the slightest infraction of the rules means peremptory discharge. The strictest supervision is maintained over the ladies of the ballet; the slightest indiscretion, and they are given their "walking papers." Medical attendance is provided for every one, and any who fall sick are nursed and provided for with the tenderest care. In this way the circus hands become a great "show family," possessed of a discipline and an *esprit de corps* that appear quite military—very foreign indeed to the atmosphere of the old-time circus.

EXHIBITS FROM THE VATICAN.

The Pope has sent a very interesting exhibit to Chicago from Rome. This exhibit consists chiefly of manuscripts taken from the Vatican Library, and mainly relating to the time of Columbus, and of several mosaics, reproductions of great and celebrated pictures. This exhibit from the Vatican will be in charge of the State Department, and was brought over in the United States cruiser *Newark*, it having been stipulated in the agreement with the Vatican authorities that from the time the exhibits left Rome till they were redelivered there they would be continuously in charge of the naval or military officers of the United States. When the exhibits were landed in America they were at once placed under military guard.

Not least curious among the manuscripts is a map of America that was made in the sixteenth century, so that the Pope could reach a conclusion as to how the territory in South America should be divided as between Spain and Portugal. Explorations into the interior had not then gone very far, and a little way from the sea it was a dark and unknown continent to the geographer, but the coast-line in South America is put down very accurately indeed, and varies from that on the maps of to-day only in very slight particulars. The coast north of the Caribbean Sea is very vague, and that of New England not set down at all.

One of the mosaics represents the Piazza San Pietro, from a painting now in Raphael's Gallery. The painting is by the Roman painter Giovannini, and was made some time before the occupation of Rome by the Italian army. The piazza is represented full of people, assisting at the benediction performed by the Pope from the central balcony of the church. On the left hand are some French soldiers in line; on the right are the carriages of the Roman nobles. Conspicuous on the drivers and footmen are the red liveries of the Torlonias. This livery, by-the-way, has now been changed, out of deference to the Queen of Italy, whose liveries are also of a bright scarlet. Another mosaic represents "The Roman Forum."

Of the three other mosaics, one represents the Prophet Elijah, and is taken from a painting by Raphael which is in the church of San Agostino; another is a reproduction of the allegorical picture of "Theology," also from a picture of Raphael in the Vatican, and the third represents Guido Reni's well-known "Joseph," which was once in the Borghese Gallery.

The Roman studio where these particular mosaics were made is close to Raphael's Gallery. In order to reproduce a painting in mosaic, the artists, or artisans, take a flat sheet of iron of the same size as the painting, surrounded by a border about an inch high. This receptacle is then filled with plaster, so as to obtain a perfectly flat surface. On this the outlines of the figures are drawn. The plaster is then cut up into small squares, which are to be removed and gradually replaced by as many squares of mosaic of the same size. In the holes left empty when the plaster is taken away a new plaster, made of travertine dust, lime, and linseed oil, is poured. After three days this new plaster acquires the necessary consistency, and in this the artist sticks the little colored squares. When all the surface of the plaster is covered with these colored pieces of mosaic, the whole is washed with sand and water until it becomes quite smooth. The colored pieces are made of mixtures of different minerals, like arsenic, lead, glass, etc. These minerals are placed in an oven, and the different colors are obtained by the different degrees of heat, and as many as 28,000 various colors can be obtained.

No. 3204.—ELIJAH.—By Raphael, from the Church of St. Augustine, Rome.

ALL-WATER ROUTE TO CHICAGO.

Amidst all the talk about the rates of fare on the various railroads to the World's Fair, the "all-water route to Chicago" has been almost entirely overlooked. This has just loomed up into notice, so to speak, by reason of the memorandum recently issued by Mr. G. V. S. Oddie, secretary of the New York Yacht Club. Yachting will have a general boom this year because of its international interest; therefore there is no doubt that many people who are not directly concerned in the sport will find their latent nautical instinct revived by the boldness of Lord Dunraven, Mr. Carroll's challenge to the Royal Victoria Yacht Club for the Gold Cup, a general stir in yachting circles because of these facts, and a desire, whenever feasible, of working one's passage from New York to Chicago by the "all-water route." Certainly for the man who owns a boat capable of making the journey, no more delightful trip can be conceived than to sail through the Sound, stop off at Newport, coast along Massachusetts and Maine shores, and view the glories of the St. Lawrence from the deck of your own boat.

Steam-yachts can reach Montreal under their own power; but after leaving Quebec, sailing yachts must proceed under tow to Montreal. Towage from Quebec to Montreal and return will range from $200 to $400, according to the size of the vessel. The route is perfectly clear of all obstructions, and therefore there need be no lowering of masts and funnels. Passage through the canals for yachts going and returning from the fair will be free, as the Dominion government has passed an order in Council exempting all such vessels from payment of tolls in canals.

At Montreal you enter Lachine Canal, proceeding under tow or steam, as the case may be, as far as Lachine.

Lachine system of canals, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles; 5 locks; depth on sills, 9 to 10 feet. Lake St. Louis, $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The Beauharnois Canal, $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles; 9 locks; depth, 9 feet. Lake St. Francis, $32\frac{1}{4}$ miles. The Cornwall Canal, $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles; 9 locks; depth of water, 9 feet. Farians Point Canal, three-quarters of a mile; 1 lock; depth, 9 feet. Rapide Plot Canal, 4 miles; 2 locks; depth, 9 feet. Galops Canal, 75.8 miles; 3 locks; depth, 9 feet. This last lock brings one to Lake Ontario. After Lake Ontario the Welland Canal, $26\frac{3}{4}$ miles; 26 locks; depth, 14 feet.

Thence into Lake Erie, the most shallow, tempestuous, and treacherous of all the lakes. From Lake Erie you enter the Detroit River, thence to Lake St. Clair and St. Clair River, from which you sail into Lake Huron. From there on it is plain sailing through the Strait of Mackinac into Lake Michigan, and thence to the gates of the "Windy City." These possibilities apply to yachts not greater in length than 183 feet, 28 feet beam, and 14 feet draught. Other vessels of greater draught have passed the canals by using pontoons and "camels."

The Collins Bay Rafting and Forwarding Company, Collins Bay, Ontario, Canada, is supplied with all the appliances for lifting vessels through from Montreal to Lake Ontario, and also through the Welland Canal if desired. As will be seen, it costs quite a "swell" sum for steam-yachts, even when their own power is sufficient to propel them. The charge for the round trip will be as follows: With two pontoons, $1000; with four pontoons, $1500; with six pontoons, $1750. Sailing yachts, for towage from Lachine to Prescott and return, $200 to $400, according to size.

It is hardly likely that many sailing yachts will undertake the trip, as it will consume at least a month to make the journey. But of course the same contingencies do not affect steam-yachts, and a great many can be depended upon to make the trip, as it can easily be accomplished in from ten to fifteen days. The general plan will be to go to the fair aboard the yacht, and then send the boat back over the route so as to reach New York about the first week in September, when the race for the *America's* Cup is expected to take place. Chicago, strange to say, has never been a great yachting centre. There are clubs and some fine yachts, both steam and sail, but the intended visit of so many crack Eastern boats will no doubt help the interest taken in the pleasures of yachting by the Chicago people.

Harry P. Mawson.

No. 3755.—ST. JOSEPH.—By Guido Reni, from the Borghese Gallery, Rome.

No. 923.—"THEOLOGY."—By Raphael, from the Vatican.

A NURSERY OF FRENCH CAVALRY.

THE CAVALRY SCHOOL AT SAUMUR.

RIDING-MASTER AND QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT.

THE PRINCIPAL BUILDING, CAVALRY SCHOOL.

VALOR of the more dashing kind has, ever since the days of the tournaments, been largely associated with horsemanship. In some remote era in the history of human speech, perhaps, the Latin *valeo*, which is the etymological ancestor of "valor," and the Greek *kaballes*, which is the progenitor of both the mediæval "chivalry" and the modern "cavalry," were related. This, however, by the way. The fact remains that the combination of the two things has given us some of the most romantic and brilliant episodes in the eternal conflict of nations. In England, however, this is not so true as in the majority of the other countries of the world. The pride of the British army is its infantry. From the days when the sturdy English bowmen struck terror into the chivalry of France on the fields of Cressy and Agincourt to the *année terrible* when the famous "thin red line" swept the plains of Waterloo, the British foot-soldier has been the type of British valor.

The contrast of France and England in this respect is due partly to geographical and partly to racial causes. Where large areas have to be swiftly crossed, and the frontiers of hostile nations are contiguous, the mounted warrior is more necessary than in a small and isolated state like Britain. The racial factor in this contrast is, however, far more important and interesting, and it may be suggested to the military historian as a fruitful subject for research and speculation. The ancient Briton, it would seem, was essentially a foot-soldier, both in these islands and on the French mainland, while the cavalry soldier in both cases was of German extraction. The Frankish horsemen who subdued France, and their Norman posterity who conquered England, were of more or less Teutonic origin. It was they, and not the unmounted natives, who supplied the famous chivalry of the Middle Ages. The curious thing is that the history of French cavalry since that early period is practically a history of the struggle between the Germanic and Celtic elements in the population. In fact, when, after the Revolution, the Celtic element became triumphant, the result was so disastrous to the cavalry contingent of the army that recourse was had again to Germany for the almost lost art of military horsemanship.

This fact is so interesting that it may be worth while tracing it in some detail, especially as it affords us an opportunity of sketching at the same time the history of French cavalry.

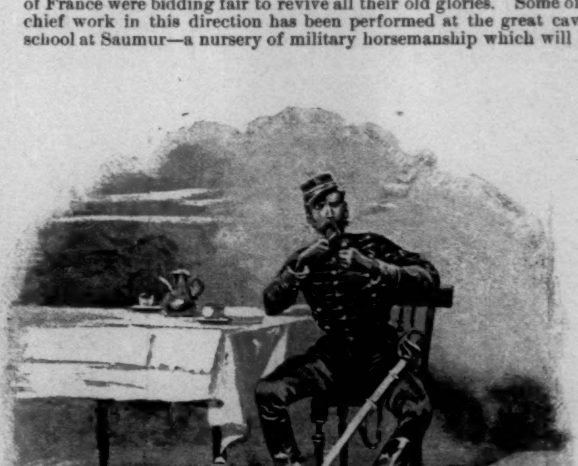
The establishment in all countries of western Europe of a conquering aristocracy of Teutonic origin first led to the organization of cavalry as a regular arm. Everywhere the nobility took to the mounted service as a sign of their superiority, and, under the designation of men-at-arms, formed bodies of horse of the heaviest description. In France the new cavalry flourished exceedingly, and the first great battle in which it distinguished itself was on the historic field of Poitiers, when, with its aid, Charles Martel rolled back the torrent of Arab invasion, and saved Europe to the Aryan and the Christian. The Frankish knighthood on that occasion, under Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine, broke through the Moorish lines and seized their camp. From this period the Gallic or Celtic element in the nation, from which the rabble infantry of the day was recruited, became more and more demoralized. Serfs while the strangers were free, condemned to till the ground while their alien masters cultivated the art of war, they were not calculated to make a bold appearance when public necessity called upon them to assist in a campaign. While the Frankish chivalry was renowned through Europe, the Gallic peasant, who, in an emergency, was transformed into the foot-soldier, was the most abject of his class. The fact is dimly recognized in the otherwise inaccurate manifesto of King Francis I. to the German princes: "We have in our land no foot-soldiers, because our ancestors trained our peasantry to agriculture rather than to arms." The consequence of this state of things endured practically until the Revolution. Throughout this long period the lower orders, although no longer serfs, supplied a very inferior infantry, while all the brilliant feats of arms which gave such prestige to the French name were mostly performed by the gay and gallant aristocracy, the descendants of the conquering Frankish cavaliers. It was the "Maison du Roi" who seized Valenciennes in broad day by a *coup de main*, who decided the battle of Steinkirk, and broke the column of Fontenoy. The common foot-soldiers who accompanied them were little more than useless. They were, as a great military authority has recently said of them, "canaille."

The Revolution was the uprising of this "canaille." Ethnographically, it was the revolt of the oppressed Celt against the dominating Frank, and its military results showed themselves in a scarcity of cavalry leaders and a demoralization of the mounted troops. In sending the aristocrats to the guillotine the Revolution deprived itself of the gallant cavaliers who had made the military fame of France. The Republican armies were from the first ill provided with cavalry, and the disaster of Würzburg, in 1796, nearly annihilated the comparatively few squadrons that France then possessed. Not only were leaders wanting, but the men — veritable "beggars on horseback"—were the worst riders of their time. The necessity for reorganization became apparent, and the French turned to Germany, the cradle of the original Frankish chivalry, for both precept and example. The coincidence is remarkable. Frederick the Great and his famous cavalry commander Seydlitz had at that epoch raised the German mounted service to the culminating point of its glory. For vehemence and ardor of charge, quickness of evolutions, readiness for flank attacks, and rapidity in rallying and reforming after a charge, no cavalry has ever excelled the Prussian cavalry of the Seven Years' War. When the French infantry levies were met by this cavalry they were, during 1792 and 1793, almost uniformly beaten. When Napoleon took the direction of affairs he did his best to improve his cavalry. He endeavored to create such a force as would enable him to reap the fruits of his victories. Working on German models, he made great advances, and after the camp of Boulogne his cavalry, in great part mounted on German and Italian horses, was no despicable adversary. To this force he was mainly indebted for some of his most signal triumphs, notably Marengo and Austerlitz, and to the manner in which he employed his mounted scouts he owed the facility with which he so often outmanœuvred and anticipated his enemies. The campaigns of 1805 and 1806–7 allowed his cavalry to absorb almost all the horses of the Austrian and Prussian armies, and, moreover, re-enforced the French army by the excellent cavalry of the Confederation of the Rhine and the Duchy of Warsaw. Thus were formed those enormous resources of horsemen with which Napoleon acted between 1809 and 1812.

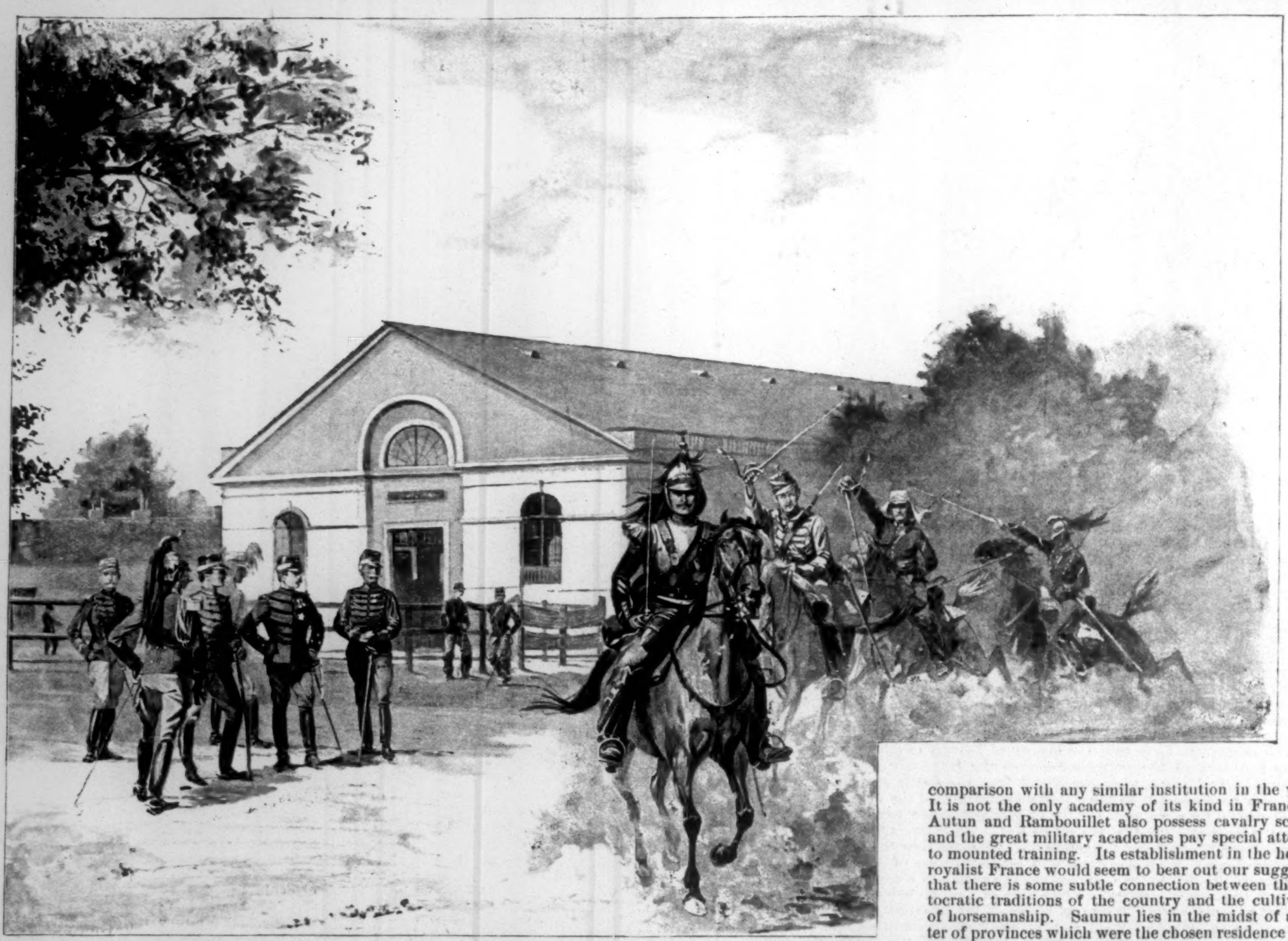
After that date a checkered destiny pursued the French cavalry. The Russian campaign practically annihilated it, and there was no time to reorganize it before it was necessary again to take the field. Hence some of Napoleon's most decided successes in 1813 proved fruitless. He himself remarked that had he possessed cavalry at the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen the war would then have been brought to an end. But little improvement seems to have been effected in organization after the fall of Napoleon. Even during the last great war, in 1870, the French cavalry only showed, as Major Russell has remarked, how splendid material may be sacrificed and how brilliant courage may be thrown away. In every battle they were remarkable more for bravery than efficiency. Off the field they were of no service, and on it they were needlessly sacrificed through the incapacity of their leaders. History has few examples of bravery more devoted than that of the French cavalry at the battles of Wörth and Sedan, and none in which bravery was more entirely thrown away. After the fall of the Empire it may be said that the French cavalry ceased to exist.

Twenty years of patient labor has, however, now again reconstructed this arm; and the last military manœuvres showed that the horsemen of France were bidding fair to revive all their old glories. Some of the chief work in this direction has been performed at the great cavalry school at Saumur—a nursery of military horsemanship which will bear

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE SPAHIS AND THE CHASSEURS D'AFRIQUE.

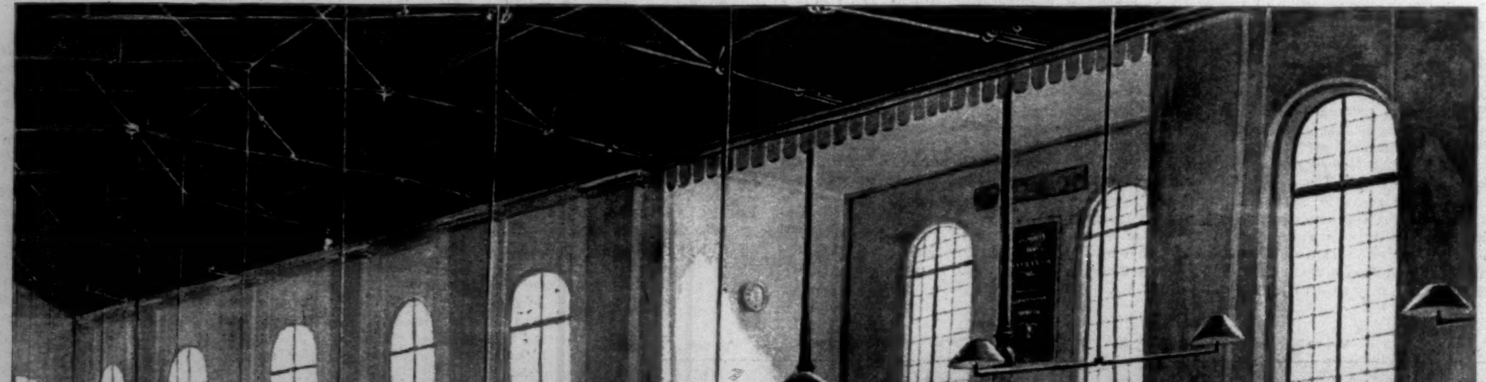


IN CHARGE OF THE STABLES.

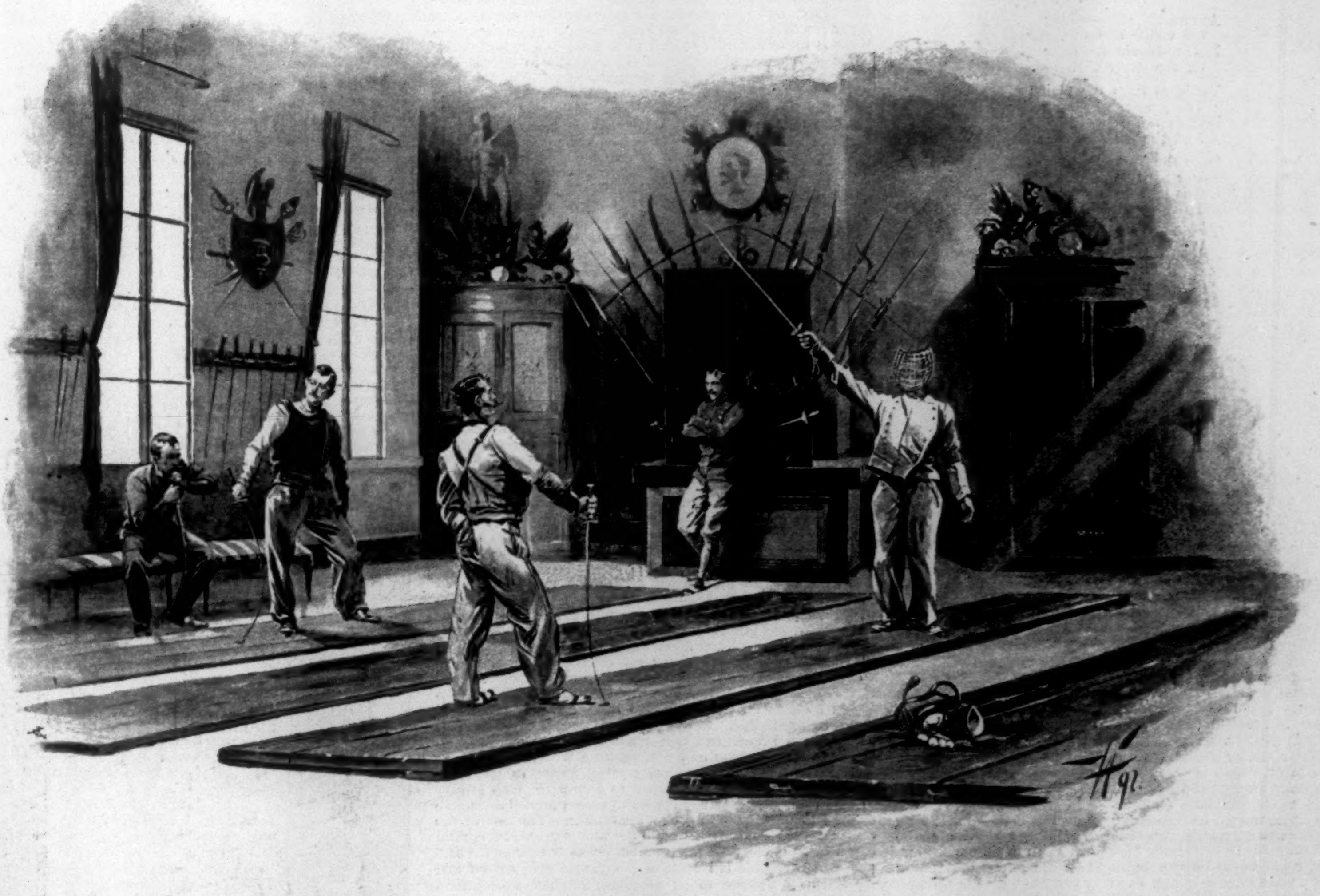


AN INSPECTION OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OUTSIDE THE GREAT RIDING-SCHOOL.

comparison with any similar institution in the world. It is not the only academy of its kind in France, for Autun and Rambouillet also possess cavalry schools, and the great military academies pay special attention to mounted training. Its establishment in the heart of royalist France would seem to bear out our suggestion that there is some subtle connection between the aristocratic traditions of the country and the cultivation of horsemanship. Saumur lies in the midst of a cluster of provinces which were the chosen residence of the Valois down to Louis XIV. It is a region of historic associations and romantic recollections. The pano-



LEARNING TO RIDE AND JUMP IN THE GREAT RIDING-SCHOOL.



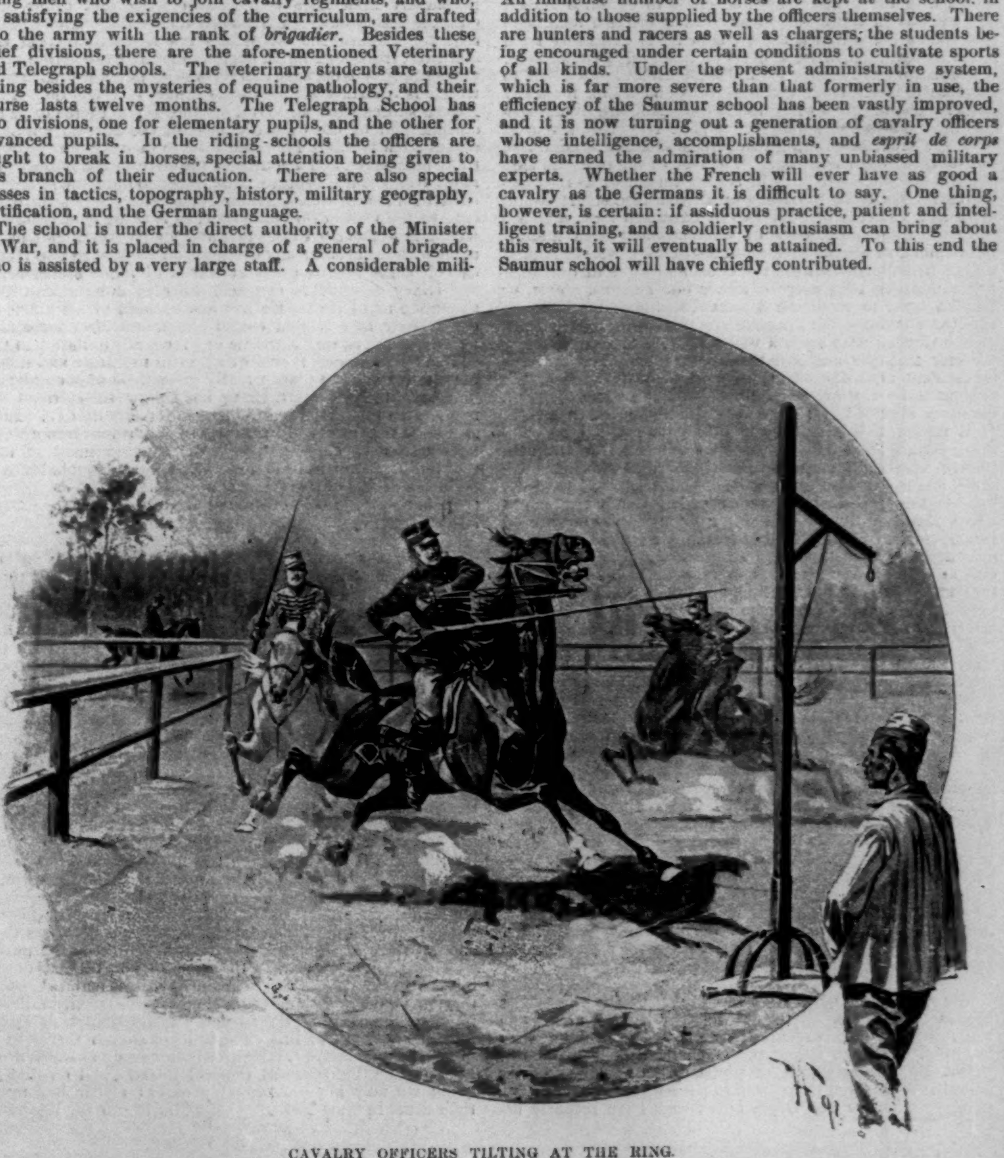
IN THE FENCING-SCHOOL.

rama discloses in rapid succession such impressive pictures as the turrets and pinnacles of Chambord, where the Emperor Charles V. was entertained by his good-natured enemy Francis I.; the gloomy Blois, scene of the assassination of the Guises; Amboise, the favorite abode of the warrior Charles VIII.; Chenonceaux, the retreat of Diana of Poitiers; Plessis, where Louis XI. held sedate court; and Chinon, the home of the careless revels of Charles VII., and the opening scene of the wondrous career of "the shepherd girl of Domremy." Here is Fontevrault, the last resting-place of the Lion-hearted Richard; there is Dampierre, with its memories of Margaret of Anjou. The whole country is a monument of mediæval chivalry, bristling with memories of the gallant deeds with which the mounted warriors of old signalized themselves. A more fitting or inspiring environment for the training of the *preux chevaliers* of modern France could scarcely be imagined.

In the heart of this romantic region, midway between Tours and Angers, nestles Saumur. It is one of the most picturesque towns on the Loire. Seen from the river, its quaint Hôtel de Ville near the water-side, surmounted by a tentlike roof and pinnacled turrets, its church spires, its towers, and the gleaming whiteness of its houses, set off by the overhanging castle behind, form a picture of rare beauty. On issuing out of the main street, beyond the confines of the town, a great block of official-looking buildings discloses itself on the right hand. This is the famous École de Cavalerie, which was established in 1764, together with four similar academies, by the Duc de Choiseul. Its first home was at La Flèche, but in 1768 it was transferred to Saumur. For a time its history pursued a somewhat checkered course. The Revolution suppressed it, and the Empire founded a substitute for it at Saint-Germain-en-Laye. In 1814, through the exertions of Marshal Soult, it was reopened at Saumur, only to be closed again nine years later in favor of a rival at Versailles. In 1825, however, it was reorganized at Saumur on a new basis; and, except for another reorganization in 1853, its progress has been but little disturbed since then.

The institution is not so much a school of cavalry as a cavalry high-school. It does not confine itself to mere training in horsemanship, but aims at giving the cavalry officer a comprehensive insight into the various branches of his profession. Thus, besides the riding-schools, there are a School of Telegraphy, a Veterinary School, a Shoeing-School, and even workshops in which all kinds of useful arts and crafts are taught. Elementary riding is, of course, not taught. The students are supposed to be able to ride more or less well before they enter, and the province of the school is to complete their education in this respect, and, at the same time, give them a practical knowledge of the multifarious duties of a cavalry officer. Everything, of course, cannot be learned during the eleven months which the course of study lasts, but the instruction is specially adapted to stimulate the students to further self-culture when they leave the institution. Nor is the school confined to cavalry officers. Students are likewise supplied by the artillery and engineer corps. There are five divisions in the school. The first comprises officers of cavalry or artillery regiments who present themselves voluntarily. The second consists of sub-lieutenants who have been for a year with the colors. Formerly these young officers were sent from St.-Cyr direct to Saumur, but it has been found necessary to give them some regimental experience before drafting them into the Cavalry School. In the third division are non-commissioned cavalry and artillery officers selected at the rate of one for every two regiments. In this selection preference is given to those who are marked for promotion to sub-lieutenancies. The fourth division consists of *brigadiers*, of whom each cavalry regiment is entitled to send one. They must be men who have shown a special aptitude for horsemanship, and who are intended for promotion. The fifth division is reserved for what are called *cavaliers élèves*, being men who wish to join cavalry regiments, and who, on satisfying the exigencies of the curriculum, are drafted into the army with the rank of *brigadier*. Besides these chief divisions, there are the afore-mentioned Veterinary and Telegraph schools. The veterinary students are taught riding besides the mysteries of equine pathology, and their course lasts twelve months. The Telegraph School has two divisions, one for elementary pupils, and the other for advanced pupils. In the riding-schools the officers are taught to break in horses, special attention being given to this branch of their education. There are also special classes in tactics, topography, history, military geography, fortification, and the German language.

The school is under the direct authority of the Minister of War, and it is placed in charge of a general of brigade, who is assisted by a very large staff. A considerable military force is also stationed at the school. It can receive between 2000 and 3000 subaltern officers, but it rarely contains more than five hundred, besides a hundred workman. An immense number of horses are kept at the school, in addition to those supplied by the officers themselves. There are hunters and racers as well as chargers; the students being encouraged under certain conditions to cultivate sports of all kinds. Under the present administrative system, which is far more severe than that formerly in use, the efficiency of the Saumur school has been vastly improved, and it is now turning out a generation of cavalry officers whose intelligence, accomplishments, and *esprit de corps* have earned the admiration of many unbiassed military experts. Whether the French will ever have as good a cavalry as the Germans it is difficult to say. One thing, however, is certain: if assiduous practice, patient and intelligent training, and a soldierly enthusiasm can bring about this result, it will eventually be attained. To this end the Saumur school will have chiefly contributed.



CAVALRY OFFICERS TILTING AT THE RING.

APRIL.

AFTER the silence long
On valley and hill,
Listen,—again the song
Of the silver rill!

Vanishes from the plains
The prisons of snow;
Broken the crystal chains,
And the captives go;

Over the Winter's tomb
The bird in its mirth
Carols of bud and bloom
To the barren earth;

Tremble the vines and trees
With ecstasy then,
Hearing the lisping breeze
Hint of Spring again.

Mystery fills the air,
And melody sweet
Follows the pathways where
Glimmer Spring's white feet.

Over the meadows' floor
She hastens, and—see!
April is at the door
With her golden key!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

The Arabian Nights is the title of a farce adapted from a German original by Mr. Sidney Grundy, which was produced by Mr. Frohman's comedians, re-enforced by that admirable actress Mrs. John Drew, at the Standard last week. The title is certainly an appropriate one, for the piece in fanciful fairylike improbability yields nothing to the far-famed tales of the inventive Scheherezade, anent the night-blooming Caliph Haroun al Raschid. To begin with, the farce, which is certainly of the broadest description, is capitally played, and herein lies its chief merit and attraction, as the dramatic material of the play is flimsy, and the way it is treated conventional. A young married man of a most impressionable disposition is fired by a reading of the *Arabian Nights* to disguise himself in a pair of false whiskers, and roam about London by night—a dangerous proceeding for a young married man, as every one knows. He promptly meets with an Adventure in the shape of a young lady who seems generally fishy, and lives up to that character by vanishing at the stage-door of the Aquarium. To protect her against the night air he lends her his handkerchief, which an over-attentive mother-in-law has carefully and incautiously marked with his full name and address. The next day the Adventure, who performs on the trapeze, armed with the handkerchief, proceeds to establish herself permanently in the house of the young married man, who first passes her off as a niece whom he is expecting from America, and then, being at heart an inoffensive young man, is against his will compelled to lie up hill and down dale to extricate himself from the complications which naturally ensue. The king-pin of all the trouble is naturally the mother-in-law, admirably played by Mrs. Drew, who was at once the great and lasting discomfort of the husband, and the delight of the audience. The rest of the plot and subsequent complications may be readily imagined, as they differ very little from hundreds of similar farces. It would seem as if the vein of humor to be extracted from a young husband who consciously or unconsciously gets himself into a mess, an absent wife, an over-attentive mother-in-law, a male friend distasteful to the same, and three or four incidental females who may be either house-maids, nieces, or females open to suspicion *à volonté*, had been by this time about worked out; but the company presenting *The Arabian Nights* worked with such a will and with such a vim and vivacity that the audience derived constant and genuine amusement from the efforts of the players, in spite of the evident absurdity and wild improbability of the dramatic incidents depicted. A farce is certainly meant to amuse. If it succeeds in so doing it fulfils its mission, and nothing further need be said about it; but certainly any gentleman who shall succeed in writing a farce containing some novel situations would be at once entitled to occupy—in bronze—a position on a pedestal as a very slight token of recognition from a grateful community of wearied theatre-goers. Mr. Holland is certainly an admirable light comedian. His methods are suggestive and never boisterous, and he always succeeds in amusing his audience in a thoroughly artistic and legitimate way. Mrs. Drew's many excellences are above criticism and beyond praise; it is certainly, however, uncommon to see a lady of her age do a "fall," or burlesque tumble, as she does at the end of the second act, with such consummate ease and grace. In *The Arabian Nights* Miss Agnes Miller blossoms out from a blushing débutante into a boisterous trapeze star with no little success, although it rather dispels the illusion as to her toughness when she coughs over one whiff of a cigarette. Mr. Abbe, too, did some clever work, although his portrayal of a tough young man, who lives on his brother-in law and frequents the Aquarium, was too broadly burlesque for even this style of farce. The rest of the company, including Misses Campbell and Craigen and Mr. Gilmore, were also good. *Sweet Will*, a singularly placid and flaccid comedietta in one act, by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, preceded *The Arabian Nights*. As a dramatic writer Mr. Henry Arthur Jones aims at being a combination of moral teacher and playwright. In *Sweet Will* his morality is more apparent than his dramatic talent, as the piece is sentimental, wishy-washy, and dull. Go and see *The Arabian Nights* by all means, but go late and avoid Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

The mere name of that charmingly attractive artist, Miss Rosina Vokes, calls up recollections of a time, now some years since, when she reappeared in America bringing with her such artists as Brandon Thomas, Weedon Grossmith, Willie Elliot, and a bevy of pretty girls like Miss Chester and Miss Dacre, and introduced to American audiences those delightful double and triple bills which have recently become an established feature in London theatricals, thanks to her. Even when re-enforced for a metropolitan engagement by artists like M. Marius and Miss Paget, Miss Vokes's company is by no means as good as it was; but Miss Vokes's name is one to conjure with; she is a host in herself, and neither her company nor the entertainment which they provide seem to have lost anything in attractiveness or drawing power. The early bird who attends Miss Vokes's present entertainment at Daly's Theatre will not catch a worm, as here again one tells of the first piece on the bill in order that one may avoid it. Were it not so well acted by all concerned, *A Lesson in Love*, a two-act comedy of a previous day and age, which is not sufficiently old-fashioned to be good, would be hopelessly inane. As it is, no amount of acting can save it from being both dull and pointless. But it is well worth while to go and see Miss Vokes in her new after-piece, *Maid Marian*, which is a comedy, or sort of modern fairy story, adapted by Miss Sewell from her own story of the same name. *Maid Marian* is a kind of modernized, up-to-date version of *Pygmalion and Galatea*, only in this case a lady of olden time steps into modern life from the frame of a picture instead of off the pedestal of a statue. A young artist has bought a picture of a maid-of-honor of good Queen Bess, which for some reason his *fiancée* has taken a dislike to. While he is waiting for said *fiancée* and some other guests to come to supper he falls asleep and dreams a dream in which the lady steps out of her picture, and without realizing that she has passed from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, proceeds to talk and behave in thorough keeping with her ideas and position as a lady of rank of the time of Queen Elizabeth. The way in which she treats the artist's smart Knickerbocker friends as people of no social account, from the fact that they are merchants and wives of merchants, and the manner in which, in her character of a great lady of another age, she satirizes, though unconsciously, modern Anglomania and the foibles of the Four Hundred, is exceedingly clever and amusing. In her Elizabethan dress Miss Vokes not only was a picture, but looked a picture, and gave an exceedingly lifelike delineation of an ancient Grand Dame, which was notable for distinction, spirit, and graceful charm. The tone of this little play is fresh, spontaneous, and decidedly novel, while the piece itself is admirably suited for the display of Miss Vokes's varied abilities, both dramatic and terpsichorean. M. Marius contrived, in *A Lesson in Love*, to be decidedly amusing in a character which he also contrived to make hopelessly unintelligible. Supposed to be an English officer, he spoke like a Frenchman and acted as if he were hung on wires, tumbling about and gesticulating with a truly Gallic frenzy from beginning to end. Miss Paget in the same piece did some very clever work as a spinster, who is supposed to be fat and forty, but who in reality looked attractive enough to be worthy any man's winning. The rest of the company had little to do, and do not therefore call for special comment. One would advise Miss Vokes to change the first part of her double bill without delay, and give herself and M. Marius a chance to be amusing, and her audiences a chance to be amused.

At the Casino *Adonis* redivivus! Who shall say that the American theatrical public is not conservative, or not faithful to plays and players who have once given them pleasure or offered them innocent amusement? Who can say, either, that Mr. Dixey is not conservative? For has he not preserved, practically intact, the well-known jokes and quips and oddities which once made *Adonis* successful? And wisely, too; for though the witticisms are so familiar that the audience, from long habit, begins to laugh even before they are actually spoken, they still seem to incite unlimited mirth, which is certainly all that even a new joke can do. Yes, *Adonis* successfully survives, because it still seems to be an embodiment of the dramatic taste of the greatest number, and as such is likely for some time to be a source of profit to its possessors, and a source of pleasure to the public. In many respects rejuvenated, brought up to date, and strengthened with new features, *Adonis* is likely to prove a drawing card at the Casino for some time, as it is an entertainment which is agreeable to the eye, and which provides amusement without making any demands on the intellectual faculties of weary theatre-goers in search of facile amusement. Mr. Dixey himself is certainly fully as entertaining and attractive as of yore. He has lost nothing of his grace, or his delicate and refined comic touch, and his dances and imitations are as really artistic as ever. His imitation of the eminent Paderewski is really delightful in finesse and subtle humor, as the great pianist really gives little opportunity to the caricaturist; yet Mr. Dixey has caught the spirit of the man, which makes the imitation of him really lifelike. Like *A Trip to Chinatown*, *Adonis* forms a convenient frame-work on which may be displayed a dramatic garment of any required shape or hue; and as it may be, and probably will be in the course of its career at the Casino, varied *ad libitum*, there is no reason why one may not now say that the Casino has become the home of burlesque.

The regular musical season practically came to an end with the last concert of the Symphony Orchestra on Friday last, when Mr. Plunket Greene was the soloist and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony the *pièce de résistance*. Mr. Walter Damrosch is certainly to be congratulated upon the notable improvement and development evidenced by the excellent work done by the Symphony Orchestra this season, which is certainly due to his unwearying and artistic efforts. It is to be presumed that we shall not be without the usual number of summer concerts this season, though no announcement has as yet been made in regard to them. The two German military bands who give a series of concerts at the Madison Square Garden, beginning April 23d, previous to their departure for Chicago, thus inaugurate the summer season there, and will probably have no lack of successors both there and elsewhere. A feature of interest in the playing of the cavalry band, composed entirely of brass instruments, is the use of the mediæval or valveless trumpet, which instrument, by special desire of the Emperor, is now being reintroduced in the various cavalry regiments in Germany. The modern invention of the valve or piston, when applied to brass instruments, while it increases their general usefulness, certainly detracts from both the purity and individual character of their tone. This fact has doubtless led to the rehabilitation of the historical trumpet, whose martial clang is decidedly more characteristically military in effect than either the cornet, valve-trumpet, or flügelhorn. The work of this cavalry band should therefore be of exceptional interest. Naturally this summer the World's Fair will be the centre of musical interest, and on that account we may not unreasonably expect rather less music than usual in New York.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE CIRCUS OF TO-DAY.

AN army of men and a mint of money are necessary for the maintenance of the circus nowadays. It is an institution, and conducted on such a scale that even in certain large cities its stay has to be regulated by the authorities, lest it carry off all the money of the citizens. But it is in New York that you see it best—in the building where you have heard Wagner interpreted by Seidl and Damrosch, and Patti has sung to listening and enthusiastic thousands. Of course some pleasures have necessarily to be foregone—some of the incidents of long ago. There is not the exciting possibility of the collapse of the structure in a wind-storm, as there was when only a canvas tent shut out the heavens; there is no entrance afforded the small boy beneath the flaps of the tent—although those joys do exist when you get away from the metropolis. The cry of "Hey, Rube!" however, must remain an echo in the corridors of the past, for it would take the entire population of a small town to overcome the army attached to the *fin de siècle* circus. But dispensing with these exciting possibilities, the circus as presented in New York has enough of the element of danger to make the performance exciting, if that is what people want.

In the modern circus, as I saw it, is a company of trapeze actors—or rather, I should say, artists, for such they are. "The World's Greatest Aerialists" is what the programme calls them, and as the men who write the programmes know whereof they speak, of course the term is correct. There is one positively thrilling act performed by these daring spirits. Two men are separated from each other by nearly the entire width of the Madison Square Garden. One hangs head downward from the trapeze, and the other swings, leaps into the air, and catches the hands of the one who hangs. Again the leap is repeated, the jumper turning a somersault in mid-air before reaching his companion's hands; and at the third time two distinct somersaults are turned before the hands lock. The element of danger in falling is guarded against by nets, but however secure these nets may be, it can hardly be a joke to fall into them. And what must be mostly considered is the nicety of the calculations of the jumper. The first jump is difficult enough, but to turn one, and then two, somersaults in the air, arresting for the moment the flying leap, and then to fall so as to exactly catch the other's hands, is something that appeals to the mind. It is the result of such fine training that even the mathematician may wonder at it. In the Royal Aquarium at London this precision of action is illustrated by a diver. The act is worth recounting here, for in this case, according to reports, it is a matter of life or death—a miscalculation being fatal. A tank eighteen feet long, nine feet wide, holding water to the depth of seven feet, rests in the centre of the building. The diver is hauled up to a platform near the roof, eighty-three feet above. From there he dives head downwards towards the tank, that must look fearfully small from the awful height. The diver strikes the water with his shoulders, turning over as he nears the tank, and in a moment emerges safely, and none the worse for his performance. But there is a horror in the very thought of a man so risking his life—for unless he strikes the water, and strikes it exactly right, it means practically destruction. What are seven feet of water in a small tank, after a fall of eighty-three feet?

A GREAT JUMP IN THE LONDON CIRCUS.

But to return to America's circus, where at least we have not this diver or any imitator, it is impossible in a few lines to enumerate the specialties of the great show. The circus is everything that it used to be and more than it has ever been.

THE BOSTON ART FESTIVAL.

BOSTON'S stately Puritanical head was turned in the gayety of Easter week, especially on Wednesday evening, when she was so fascinated—and, it might be incidentally mentioned, so fascinating—in looking backward that it is indeed wonderful that a pillar of salt did not decide the vexed question as to what particular art treasure should adorn Copley Square. It is the verdict of the modern Athenian that the savor of the artistic festival of the Renaissance given by the Boston Art Students' Association will long permeate the work and the dreams of many besides those who paid the high price of admission in time, brains, and money.

The Museum of Fine Arts was an enchanted palace, and Copley Square its court-yard, from which, however, all traces of the modern could not be eliminated even by the wand of that clever magician Mr. Holker Abbott, who can make the social lion and the artistic lamb lie down together. The electric cars and the long lines of carriages belonged hopelessly to the nineteenth century; yet they were but the chrysalides from which emerged the revivified and brilliant creatures so long imprisoned in the literature and art of these distant lands—those beings who, not content with the slow progress of the centuries (and Boston's carriage service), flitted under the mysterious shadows of Trinity, one century's citizens stepping on another's toes; for they thought nothing of preceding their historical predecessors in that erratic course to the canopied entrance of Boston's palace of art.

The scene within those enchanted portals was wondrously weird and beautiful. The guests of the B. A. S. A. numbered about 2000, all representatives of the best social, artistic, and literary society of Boston, New York, Providence, and other cities. Each visitor was representative of the arts, crafts, or leisure of the Renaissance period in England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, or the Netherlands. All the costumes, both of spectators and participants, had to be those actually in vogue in those countries between the years 1400 and 1650, and each design was approved by some well-known artists who were in charge of this work. As far as known, only the statues succeeded in evading the requirements of the committee. Every room with its treasures seemed but a very harmonious setting of a scene which could be likened to nothing so much as the statues and pictures inaugurating a Renaissance of their own.

The sound of the trumpets at nine o'clock brought the vintners flying from their sylvan temples, and recalled many a wanderer from the Egyptian room, where mummies made excellent chaperons. The procession was led by Mr. Edward Robinson, the curator of the museum, who acted as chief marshal, and was accompanied by his aids, heralds, and the banner of the B. A. S. A. These were followed by the burgomasters' wives, led by Miss Raymond; the tapestry group in Flemish costume under the direction of Miss Lombard; a company of fair embroiderers, lace-makers, and spinners, the latter carrying their distaffs and flax, and, with the weavers, being under the direction of the Misses Child. The vintners, in robes which reproduced the colors of the grape-vine, made a very striking group, as did also the water and wine carriers, with their ancient pottery and copper flagons. There were basket-makers, peasants, and farmers, the Florentine musicians, the Harvard Mandolin Club, scribes and architects in white and red gowns, the classic horn-blowers, Italian flower-girls in brilliant scarlet and gold, and the Harvard Glee Club, who sang as they marched, and received an ovation everywhere.

The Tavern Club, the members of which appeared as Italian mercenaries, made a notable group in their warlike garb, carrying immense swords, arquebuses, and other instruments of warfare. Upon their breasts, as upon their banner, was emblazoned that ancient emblem the rampant bear. The scene in the upper corridor, at the moment when this notable company made obeisance to the patronesses, was most interesting, with the novel features of the moving procession and the beautiful costumes of the spectators to delight the eye. There was a hawking party—jester, hawk, and all; King René and his court; a choir of forty voices, the boys appearing in yellow surplices; Marie Stuart and her waiting-maids; Raphael, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Rubens, and other old masters, who were accompanied by the ladies they had immortalized in their paintings; while Master Will's none the less real personages walked through the corridors for a second look at the thrones and groups.

It is impossible to describe in such limited space the glories of the French court; the throne of Pope Pius II., in the Allston room, which was fragrant with incense and full of ecclesiastical dignitaries; the florid beauty of the Spanish court, where Columbus was still suing for the money with which to discover America. Nor is it easy to set forth the impressive beauty of the five good Sisters in Jan de Bray's famous picture, surrounded by the quaint costumes of Boston's fair daughters who compose the Saturday Morning Club. On the English throne sat a jovial Henry VIII., surrounded by all his beautiful wives, evidently on the best of terms, and chatting with the headsman. Of course, the patronesses' group, which represented the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent, attracted much admiration, for here on a lofty throne Mrs. Martin Brimmer was the queen, and, with the other leaders of Boston society, received the brilliant company.

At eleven o'clock the collation was enjoyed, and picturesque groups occupied the rooms and corridors. The grand staircase and those leading to the second floor were a bewildering scale of color, for the varied hues were permanent where the people gazed over the balusters or sat upon the steps, while the centre was filled with an ever ascending and descending throng, whose kaleidoscopic colors shifted and swayed, dazzling and perplexing the on-looker. At the mystic hour of midnight the festival of the Renaissance became a dream of the past, and the historical pageant, which was the triennial holiday of the busy art students and their worthy patrons, was finished.

EDITH PERRY ESTES.

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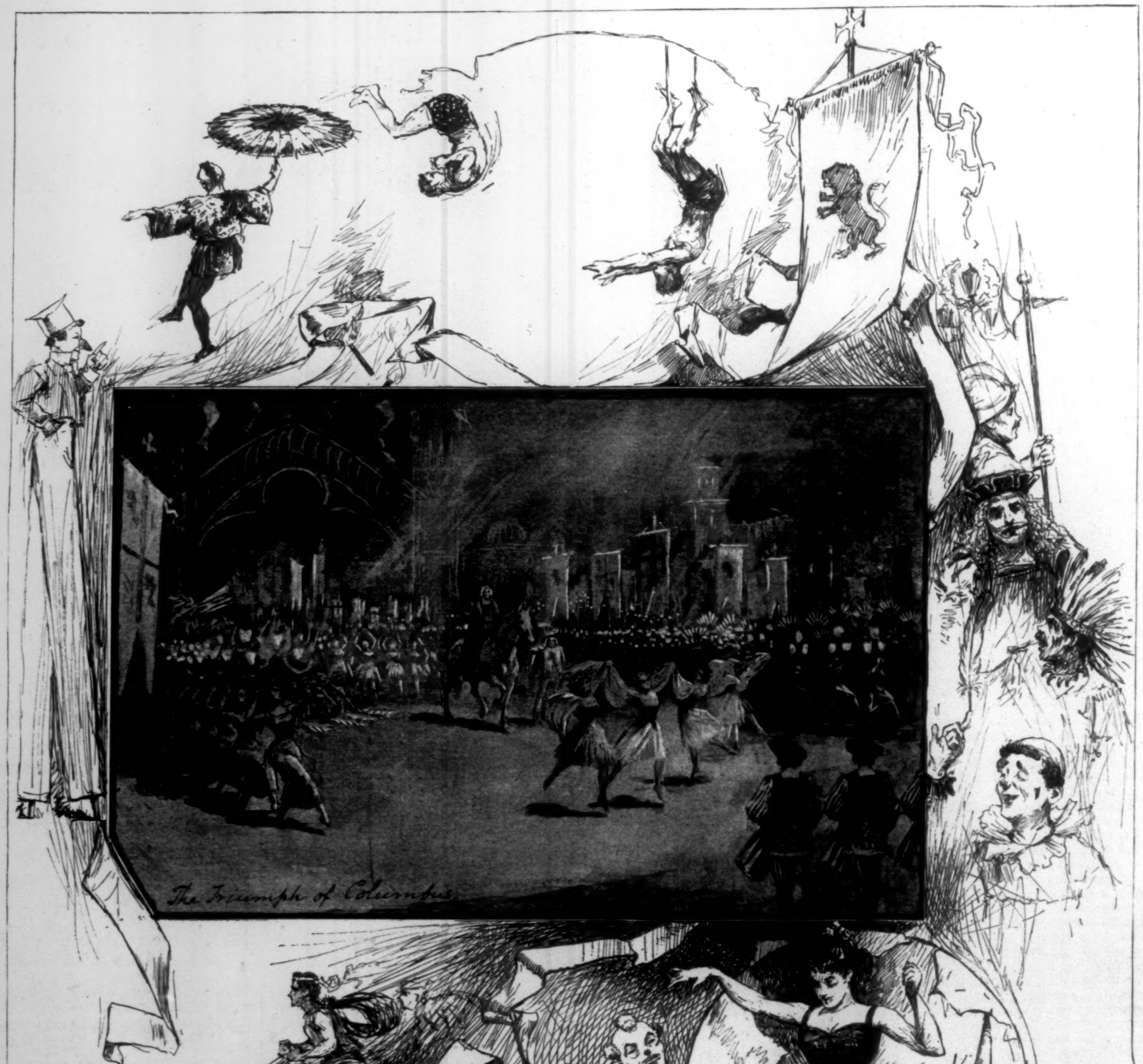

AN EVENING AT THE CIRCUS.—Drawn by Warren B. Davis.—[See Page 382.]

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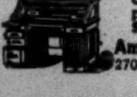

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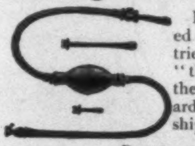

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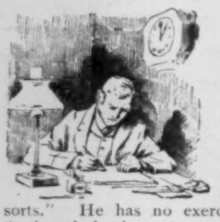

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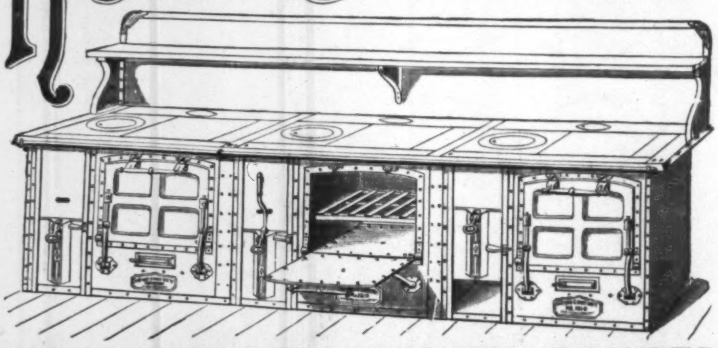

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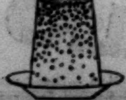

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AMATEUR SPORT

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WHEN ONE UNDERTAKES to write of the condition and scope of amateur sport in North America one needs the entire WEEKLY rather than a single page of it to do the subject justice. We of the Atlantic coast, like the simple little ostrich, have flattered ourselves that we "knew it all." Five years ago we might have poked our athletic head into the sand with impunity, but to-day whosoever fancies that the sportsmen of this great country are confined to what is generally called the "East" is laboring under a decided hallucination.

The ignorance of the East regarding the West, generally speaking, is as dense as it is remarkable, considering our national reputation as travellers; but on no subject is it more manifest than on that of amateur sport.

As a matter of fact I am prepared to assert, after a tour of 12,845 miles over this country, that so far as athletics pure and simple are concerned, the "East" can profit much by following the example of their Western and Southern brethren. With one exception, I found the general condition of amateur sport throughout the land most healthful, and that single exception is racing bicycling. From Canada to New Orleans, and from New York to San Francisco, that *bête noire* of honest clean wheeling, the manufacturer's hireling, has made his unwholesome way.

Is there nothing that can be done to exterminate this athletic parasite. From Maine to California I have put this question to sportsmen. Where is our evidence? they ask. Evidence? Must there be affidavits from the manufacturers that they are paying these men salaries? Is it not known to be a fact that these men are riding, and thereby advertising certain wheels; are spending their time out of the racing season in idleness; are utterly without any source of revenue save that drawn from the manufacturer? What further evidence than this is desired?

Men are sent to the penitentiary, and even hanged, on circumstantial evidence every day. Will any one say I am severe on this class of dishonest men who infest sport? Well, let such carpers travel over this country, as I have done, and witness the undermining of one of the most popular branches of amateur sport. Let them realize that wherever this manufacturer's tool has gone, he has taken with him the professional taint, and cast suspicion on almost every other racing cyclist.

It is not that there is anything dishonorable in being a professional, but the dishonor to the sport and disgrace to the League of American Wheelmen rest in the deception.

These men are professionals just as clearly as are the men who travel over the country under salary on baseball nines.

If the League of American Wheelmen fulfilled its mission, it would long since have declared these men, and placed them in the class to which they belong; but since the L. A. W. has not the courage to do so, and has instead attempted to foist them on to the public as amateurs, it remains for the clubs of the country to protect themselves and their members.

There is one very effectual way of cutting the Gordian knot, and that is by simply rejecting the entries of all racing cyclists who are known or suspected of being of this class. Throw the burden of proof on the wheelman, and if he is an honest amateur, it will not take him long to clear his name.

I have digressed somewhat on this subject because it is such a vital one, and the country is in such urgent need of a reform. The case demands drastic measures, and such must be adopted, else we shall see honest sportsmen driven out of bicycle-racing, as they have been out of boxing, by the creature whose only interest in the game is the money he is able to make out of it.

It cannot be expected in this short paper that there will be space to deal with much of anything save the general tone and tendency of amateur sport as I found it in the different parts of the country visited. Of course there was no attempt on the trip to visit every town in which there happened to be clubs devoted to the cause, but rather the sport centres of the country; and not a State in the Union was overlooked.

Probably it will be as well to follow the course of the trip, commenting on the sections as we come to them.

Maybe it is carrying coals to Newcastle to comment on New England, but I must confess to being considerably surprised that a section which enjoys such unlimited facilities for the pursuance of almost every known branch of sport should have so little of it outside the colleges. There are athletic clubs here and there, and a few of them are as clean as could possibly be desired, but a large percentage of them appears to have never heard of the amateur definition, or, if they have, to ignore it. Baseball nines are as numerous as trout in the best of Maine waters, but they fall far short of the qualification provided for amateur teams. At the same time there is a great deal of pure amateur baseball, and particularly this spring those interested seemed determined to bring the standard as high as that found anywhere. In this connection I find it opportune to devote a few lines to the New England college nines. That some of them, nearly all of them, known as the "smaller colleges," have not in the past handled their teams on lines most pleasing to amateurs there can be no two opinions among those who have followed these matters closely and intelligently, and not on mere rumor. There have been some very strong nines turned out by one or two of the colleges, and it has been much regretted that anything could be said of the amateur status of teams so worthy in all other respects of unstinted praise. One of the most pleasing welcomes, on my return a few days ago, were a couple of letters among my pile of correspondence from two of the colleges that have been offenders in years past, giving assurance of their intention the coming season to keep their baseball clean.

And they will all come into the fold by-and-by; aside from all matter of sentiment, it is the best thing they can do for their own interest. No one will question the fact that honesty is the best policy (even if one has not the instincts to be honest), and though it may at times be slow, it will win in the long-run, rest assured. A man who is dishonest in sport will be dishonest in his business if he gets the proper opportunity.

Rowing in New England, outside the colleges, unfortunately has likewise been tainted with professionalism, and, in fact, I found that to be very generally the case except in the South and West. There are certainly clean amateur oarsmen along the northern Atlantic coast, but there has been so much of the dishonest element and such a deal of scandal after nearly every so-called amateur race, that what there was of the better element has withdrawn from public view.

It is a pity indeed that this great branch of amateur sport should have suffered so at the hands of unprincipled men, and it compels the sorrowful acknowledgment that with a very few exceptions here in the East we have lost all interest in rowing matters outside the colleges. Is it any wonder we look sharply after our university crews, and implore them to maintain the amateur standard?

Boston as a yachting centre is too well known for even bare comment, but it is astonishing there is not more of it on the coast of Maine. Tobogganing seems to have run its course, and of ice-yachting there is none, while ice-trotting holds its own.

There is no end to the shooting and fishing in New England, especially in Maine; but the Maine Legislature has everlastingly damned its good name by passing a law recently permitting the killing of a cow moose. There might be some excuse for a man who was out of meat and hungry in killing a cow moose, but I cannot understand a sportsman doing so, and the Legislature in making such a rule has simply played into the hand of the rapacious pot-hunter.

When the Boone and Crockett Club, and all sportsmen from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, are untiring in their efforts to preserve game, which means of course protecting the female, why in Heaven's name should this Maine Legislature throw down the bars to the fiends whom we are trying to keep out?

The average inhabitant of the "States," in going to Canada in the winter-time, expects, I have no doubt, to see the streets and hill-sides covered with snow-shoes and toboggans. He may be surprised to learn that there is but one really good toboggan slide in Canada, and that is at Montreal, while snow-shoers are numbered now by tens where formerly they were counted by hundreds. It is simple enough to understand what has brought about this change in what is usually accepted as the typical Canadian winter sport. A few years ago, when tobogganing and snow-shoeing flourished purely for the great sport furnished, the professional *impresario*, aided by the hotel proprietor, conceived the idea of booming Montreal, and incidentally enriching themselves, by holding winter carnivals, the main expenses of which were borne by Montreal merchants. For a time they drew largely, and Canada was literally alive with snow-shoes and toboggans; but anon they palled, and last winter the much-advertised "carnival" was highly uninteresting from a spectator's point of view. There are several snow-shoe clubs in Quebec and Montreal. In Toronto there is very little of the sport, and an occasional tramp and one or two races during the winter make up the season. As for tobogganing, there is a natural slide at Quebec, and a fine one at Montreal which is calculated to make the hair of the man from the "States" stand on end, but there is not a great deal of it. And the more's the pity, for if there is any sport calculated to stir your blood, it is tobogganing.

But snow-shoeing and tobogganing do not comprise the sport of Canada by a great deal. Canada is filled with sportsmen—I had almost said every Canadian is a sportsman; and I do not think I should have gone amiss. In winter the one game that absorbs the Canadian is hockey, and the rinks of Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto are the scenes of brilliant and exciting matches. It is a great game, full of possibilities for the Northern cities of the "States" as well. In summer there is no end to the sport—tennis, cricket, rowing, yachting, lacrosse, track and field athletics—while in the autumn football attracts as much interest as it does here in the "States." Even baseball has recently gained a foothold, and, to the credit of Canadians be it said, it is much cleaner than the average of amateur nines on the Atlantic coast. With the exception of hockey and lacrosse, there is not the organization seen in the United States; but the best element of society patronizes the games, and it is only a question of time when the organization will be perfected. It is to be regretted the difference in football rules has prevented a series of annual meetings between Canadian and United States teams, but though such an end now seems remote, it must come in a few years. Montreal has a thriving hunt club, with an attractive home and a good pack of hounds, while Toronto leads all Canada in yachting and rowing. It is a curious fact that there is no polo in Canada, and but little amateur horse-racing. Of fishing clubs there are an unlimited number, though they are very largely membered by Americans, while the sport with shot-gun is not so great as with the rifle.

Coming back into the United States at Detroit, one finds every kind of sport, and sportsmen who are the salt of the earth. Detroit is a haven for amateur sport. Its track and field athletics, under the guidance of the Detroit Athletic Club, have always been pure, while there is more sport with a gun near at hand than any place I know of outside of Galveston. There are yachting, rowing, ice-yachting, fishing, and shooting. All through this section of the country, taking in Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati, there is no end of sport with rod and gun. Cleveland has in addition an athletic club, and has made some reputation with its football eleven. At Cincinnati there is not much sport outside of what the surrounding country furnishes for rod and gun. There is tennis, a riding club, and a country club, which is the scene of most of the sportsmen's outings. The Cuvier Club does great work in protecting game.

Going south from Cincinnati, one finds little sport outside of the colleges, save that with rod and gun. Of course what the South furnishes for the gun, in quail, turkey, deer, etc., is too well known to recite here. But for the rest we must look to the colleges, which in the last couple of years have come out strongly in football and baseball, and are progressing encouragingly in track athletics. The sections represented by Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Atlanta, and Nashville have as yet little or no organized sport. Every man with a drop of sportsman's blood in his veins owns a gun and dog, naturally, and, if he can afford it, a horse, but there it ends, or rather there it begins, for, between ourselves, who would not be contented with a gun and a dog in such a glorious country? Savannah should be made somewhat of an exception, for here the beautifully laid-out streets invite cycling, and there are more wheels in use, I believe, than in any other city outside of Washington. They have recently built a track also and had some races, but here too they fell down and worshipped the golden calf by bringing down a number of the Northern "cracks," or, in other words, professionals. The Y. M. C. A. has done a noble work all through the South, as, indeed, where has it not? Their gymnasia are the only ones in many, in almost all, of the cities. Whatever of sport there is in Florida, aside from the alligators, is transplanted.

New Orleans has always been renowned for its carnivals and the sport furnished rod and gun. There is no end to the bag a sportsman may get who makes his headquarters here for a few weeks during the winter. Such toothsome fish; such luscious birds! One must go there to appreciate it. In the last three or four years considerable interest has sprung up in football; and last year, for the first time, an out-door athletic meeting was given with such success that it has become a fixture. The two clubs, the Southern Athletic and the Young Men's Gymnasium, both have complete and spacious houses. The former has done more in the way of amateur sport, owing to the number of college men on its membership roll. There has been a very pronounced and general interest awakened in the field; the preparatory schools all have teams and hold games. There have always been some rowing and yachting, with races each year, and this season it is hoped to send a representative to the national rowing regatta, though the distance makes such a venture very doubtful. There is a jockey club here, with a club-house and the most beautiful grounds in the country; but the racing is on a level with that seen at Guttenburg.

It is only necessary to say of Galveston, Texas, that red-heads may be had for one dollar, and quail for twenty-five cents, to convey an idea to sportsmen what a paradise it is. There are all kinds of fishing, except of the brook variety, and ducks of all varieties, quail, snipe, grouse, turkey, deer, etc. Rockport, not far off, is a great rendezvous for sportmen, many keeping their yachts there, as the bay at Galveston is too shallow. Outside of rod and gun there is no sport here, though the school-boys have just begun football. There is better tarpon-fishing off this coast than off Florida. Of San Antonio the same may be said; they did have a polo club here, but it has ceased to exist.

There is every kind of sport in California a man can possibly desire, from bear to rabbits, if the latter may be called sport, and from snipe to turkey. There is nothing a sportsman cannot find in the Golden State. In the last two years the two universities, Berkeley and Stanford, have stirred up considerable interest in track athletics and football. They have really been the means of spurring matters along, though the Olympic Club of San Francisco was one of the first in the field with a team. The match, however, last year between the two colleges did more to advance the sport on the coast than all else, and the recent agreement between them for a joint athletic meeting promises to extend the wave of amateur sport that has already swept from San Diego to the Oregon line. The Los Angeles Athletic Club has done much for the southern part of the State, while the Olympic is really the pioneer of not only the coast, but the first athletic club organized in the United States. They are just completing one of the handsomest club-houses in the country. Meetings are held regularly on the Pacific, as they are on the Atlantic coast. Tennis is played probably more extensively than in any other part of the country; there are bench shows, and in the southern part there is some polo. As for duck-shooting, there is nothing like it anywhere else on this continent.

Up the coast still farther, at Portland, Oregon, is the Multnomah Athletic Club, which has done much to keep sport clean. Its football team last season made quite a reputation for itself, and promises to be even stronger this season. The clubmen have the proper conception of what constitutes an amateur, and seem determined to stand by it. There are two rowing clubs here, and all kinds of sport with rod and gun. Football is the only game developed thus far. Seattle has outstripped its rival, Tacoma, in athletic development, owing, no doubt, to the large number of college men within its gates. It would be very interesting to Eastern men to mention them did space permit. They have gone in chiefly for football; but there are exceptional facilities for all kinds of sport, with Puget Sound for yachting, Lake Washington (a beautiful sheet of water twenty-four miles long) for canoeing and rowing. There is a country club, cricket and baseball, and no end of sport with rod and gun—salmon, snipe, pheasant, grouse, deer, elk, bear. It is gratifying to know that the Rod and Gun Club here has done magnificent work for the protection of game. There is a good bit of sport up at Victoria, British Columbia, which is essentially English, and that means cricket, football, and yachting. For the rod and gun there is the endless Pacific Coast variety.

From here on to Denver all the sport is confined to rod and gun. The big game in the Northwest has had more protection in the last few years than in the previous ten, but there is yet much wanton slaughter, in Idaho and Montana particularly. There is no attempt at athletics at Helena, though some of the best sportsmen in the country live here, and have done much to protect game. I cannot hope to say more of this country here than that it is the big game district, and that there is plenty of it left.

Salt Lake City makes little showing in amateur sport, though an attempt is being made to do something in that direction.

Denver is well named the Queen City, its record in development is not equalled in this country, and its progress in amateur sport has wellnigh sustained a like pace. Besides having a club-house that cost $300,000, and finished in the best of taste, it has sportsmen who have labored faithfully and under great disadvantages to put the club on a level with the other great athletic clubs of the country. It is enough praise to say they have succeeded. Last year they turned out a football eleven easily superior to any in that part of the country, and this year it is not unlikely they will play an Eastern team Thanksgiving day. Outside of football there is little athletics; but Colorado, New Mexico, and Wyoming furnish plenty of trout, and grouse, turkey, deer, elk, and antelope.

Amateur sport in Omaha, Kansas City, and St. Louis is in its infancy. Athletics are hardly understood in Omaha or Kansas City, while St. Louis gives Sunday games, which do not attract the better element. Football has begun to take hold; but there is less sport along this strip of country than in any other in the United States; not much fishing, but good duck and prairie-chicken shooting.

Minneapolis and St. Paul have given their attention chiefly, heretofore, to rowing, in conjunction with Winnipeg, but this year an effort is to be made in other directions. This is the home of curling and the snow-shoe (Norwegian), and in winter much sport is afforded. At present amateur sport is undeveloped in this section.

Chicago will have the most magnificent athletic club-house in the world in a few weeks. If it will keep amateur sport as clean as its new house, there will be no fault to find. There is little or no amateur sport in Chicago at present, though there are gun, rowing, and tennis clubs, and hordes of bicyclers. The city will be the scene of much athletic competition during the World's Fair, and the Chicago Athletic Club will have an opportunity of using its great influence in the best interest of amateur sport. There is no better cause it could air.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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